



No.98



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The BATMAN

Detective COMIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL!



Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the
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ing all the way from the action-packed adven-
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niless Palmer, Dover and Clover and other ha-ha
heroes. Whichever you prefer, you'll find your
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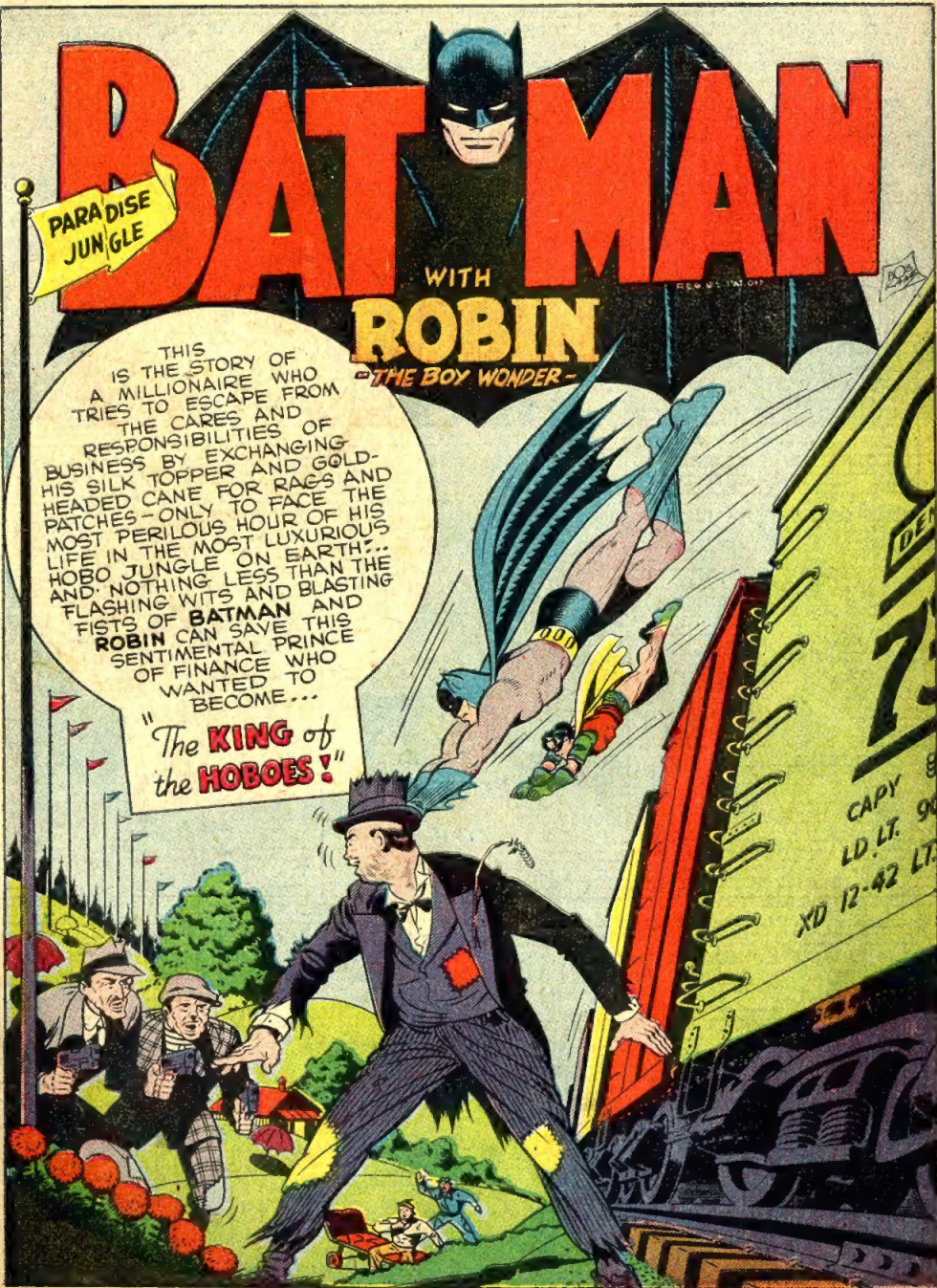
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BATMAN

PARADISE
JUNGLEWITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

THIS IS THE STORY OF A MILLIONAIRE WHO TRIES TO ESCAPE FROM THE CARES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF BUSINESS BY EXCHANGING HIS SILK TOPPER AND GOLD-HEADED CANE FOR RAGS AND PATCHES—ONLY TO FACE THE MOST PERILOUS HOUR OF HIS LIFE IN THE MOST LUXURIOUS HOBO JUNGLE ON EARTH!... AND NOTHING LESS THAN THE FLASHING WITS AND BLASTING FISTS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN SAVE THIS SENTIMENTAL PRINCE OF FINANCE WHO WANTED TO BECOME...

"The **KING** of
the **HOBOES!**"



EVEN BANK PRESIDENTS GET FED UP WITH THE DAILY GRIND—AS WITNESS CASPER THURBRIDGE, JUST NOW LEAVING A DIRECTOR'S MEETING...

BUT, MR. THURBRIDGE—THIS NEW BOND ISSUE—

AND THESE MORTGAGE RENEWALS—

STOP IT! IF I'D KNOWN WHAT A BANKER'S LIFE WAS LIKE, I'D HAVE BECOME A HOBO IN MY YOUTH!

FATEFUL WORDS—FOR A MOMENT LATER...

WORRY—WORRY—NOTHING BUT WORRY?

I SAID, COULD YA KINDLY SPARE A FEW PENNIES FOR A GENT IN DISTRESS T'ROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN?

EH?...
GOLD BANK

OF COURSE, MY GOOD MAN—BUT FIRST WALK WITH ME IN THE PARK AND TALK ABOUT ANY— HUH?...
THING EXCEPT BUSINESS; YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I ENVY YOU!

YOU ENVY ME—

FRISCO FRED, WHAT AIN'T HAD A SQUARE MEAL IN TREE MONT'S?

MEALS! BAH! HUNGER WOULD BE A DELIGHT COMPARED WITH TAXES, INTEREST, CONTRACTS—A MILLION DETAILS OF BUSINESS IN WHICH I'M NOT THE LEAST INTERESTED!

CHEE—I NEVER KNEW BEIN' RICH WAS AS BAD AS ALL DAT!

FOR YEARS I'VE DREAMED OF CHUCKING IT ALL FOR THE CAREFREE LIFE OF A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD!

AN' FOR YEARS I'VE WISHED I COULD DRESS UP SWELL LIKE YOU AN' CARRY A REAL BANKROLL—JUST ONCE!

AIN'T IT FUNNY, YOU WISHIN' YOU WAS ME, AN' ME WISHIN' I WAS YOU?

FUNNY? ITS MIRACULOUS! WHY CAN'T I LEAVE MY BANK IN THE HANDS OF MY TWELVE VICE-PRESIDENTS AND TAKE A VACATION WITH YOU, NOT TELLING ANYONE—?

THEN, WHEN WE CAME BACK, I COULD GIVE YOU A GOOD JOB, AND—

ME, A REAL BANKER? IF YOU'RE KIDDIN'—STOP! I COULDN'T BEAR IT!

STRANGE AND CONTRADICTIONARY ARE THE AMBITIONS OF MEN: THE POOR, DREAM OF RICHES, WHILE THE WEALTHY OFTEN YEARN FOR A SIMPLER LIFE THAN THE CARES OF BUSINESS AND SOCIETY WILL PERMIT...

AND THERE ARE SOME...

...LIKE SILVERS SILKE, WHOSE ONE DESIRE IS TO PROFIT AT THE EXPENSE OF OTHERS...

CASPER THURBRIDGE, THE BANK PRESIDENT, MAYBE THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



A WEEK PASSES—AND LATE ONE NIGHT...

ARE WE GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT THURBRIDGE'S HOUSE AGAIN TONIGHT, BATMAN?

YES, ROBIN! TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT, TILL SOMETHING TURNS UP TO EXPLAIN HIS STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE!

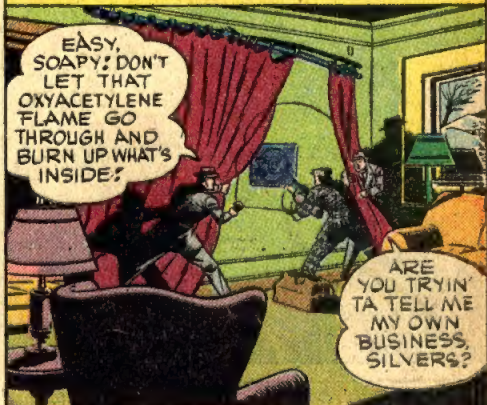


THERE IT IS—AND APPARENTLY IT HASN'T BEEN USED OR OPENED SINCE HE VANISHED!

BUT EVEN AT THAT MOMENT, BEHIND THE CLOSED SHUTTERS OF THE BANKER'S MANSION...

EASY, SOAPY! DON'T LET THAT OXYACETYLENE FLAME GO THROUGH AND BURN UP WHAT'S INSIDE!

ARE YOU TRYIN' TA TELL ME MY OWN BUSINESS, SILVERS?



I AIN'T SEEN SO MUCH DOUGH SINCE WE BLEW UP DAT ARMORED TRUCK!

THURBRIDGE SAID HE KEPT FIFTY GRAND HERE! IF THE COUNT'S RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT TEN GRAND COMING WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE JUNGLE, SQUINT—AND SOAPY GETS ANOTHER TEN!

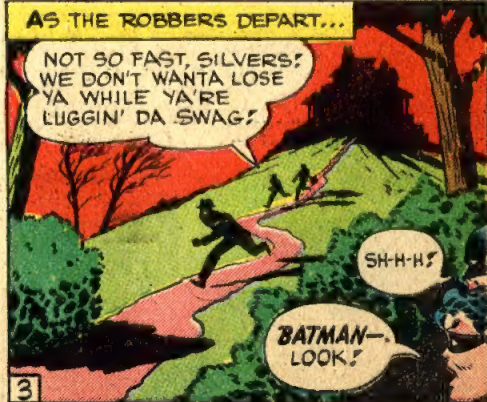


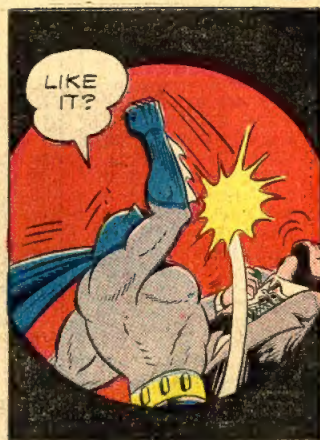
AS THE ROBBERS DEPART...

NOT SO FAST, SILVERS! WE DON'T WANTA LOSE YA WHILE YA'RE LUGGIN' DA SWAG!

SH-H-H!

BATMAN—LOOK!





NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN A THIEF HOW LITTLE HONOR THERE IS AMONG THIEVES...

SO YOUR PALS RAN AND LEFT YOU TO TAKE THE RAP ALONE, AND IF THEY GOT ANY LOOT, THEY'LL SPLIT YOUR SHARE!

AN' I'LL SPLIT ME PRISON TERM WIT' DA RATS, TOO, BATMAN! DEY'RE NAMES IS SOAPY WATERS AN' SILVERS SILKE-

-AN' WE WERE GONNA HIDE OUT IN A FANCY HOBO PARK CALLED PARADISE JUNGLE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS, BUT -

A HOBO JUNGLE, EH?

LATER, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME, ALFRED, THE BUTLER, RELUCTANTLY HELPS HIS MASTERS CHANGE INTO COSTUMES OF WHICH HE DOES NOT APPROVE...

BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, SIR - BUT YOU CAWN'T ACTUALLY INTEND TO WEAR THOSE HORRIBLE GARMENTS IN PUBLIC!

DON'T WORRY, ALFRED! THEY'LL BE THE LATEST STYLE WHERE WE'RE GOING!

BESIDES, WE'RE WEARING OUR FIGHTING-TOGS UNDERNEATH!

AND STILL LATER, AS A LONG FREIGHT TRAIN RUMBLES THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS OF GOTHAM CITY...

CAREFUL, FELLA! THIS IS DANGEROUS BUSINESS!

IF IT WASN'T, IT WOULDN'T BE HALF AS MUCH FUN!

I'M BOXCAR BILL, PAL, AND THE KID WITH ME IS CALLED SLUGGER JUNIOR! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A SPOT CALLED PARADISE JUNGLE!

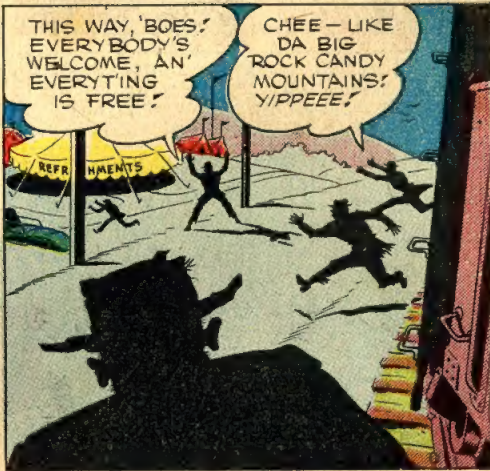
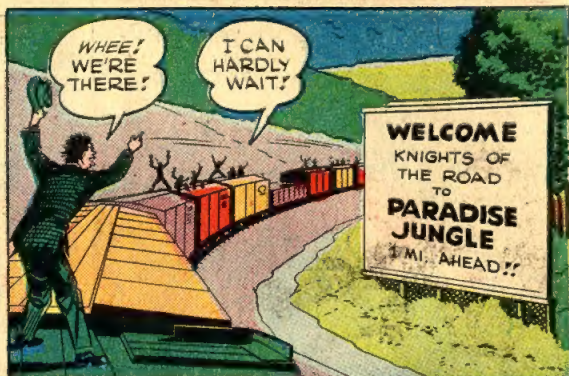
SO ARE WE, PARD - AN' SO IS EVERYBODY ELSE ON THE TRAIN, EXCEPT THE CREW!

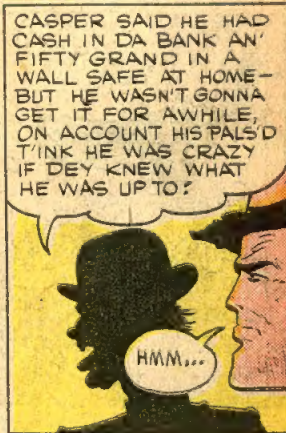
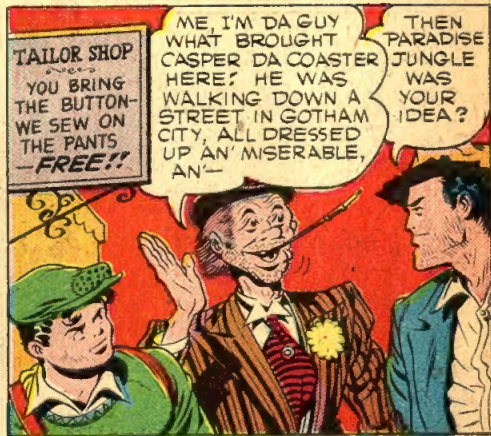
WE'RE ANXIOUS TA GET THERE WHILE THERE'S STILL ROOM LEFT!

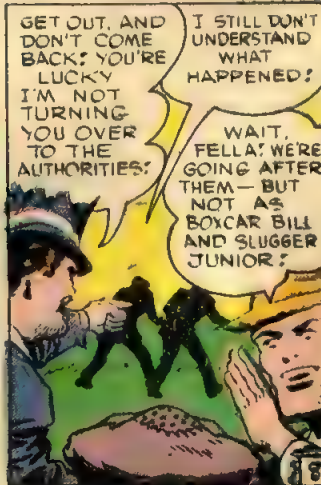
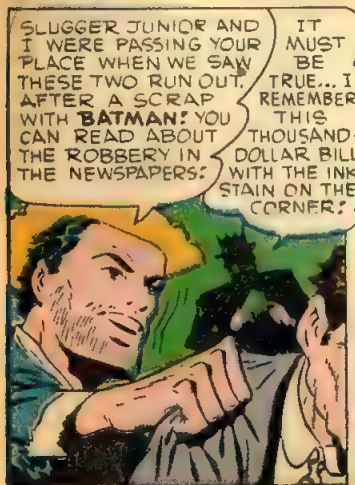
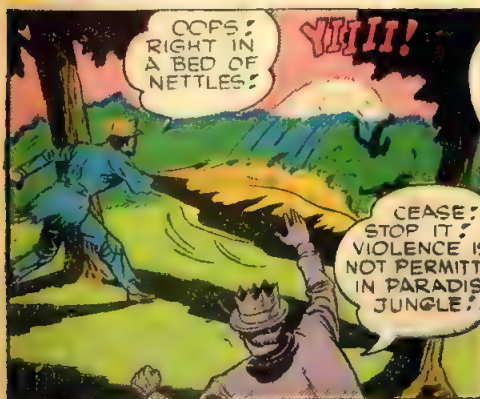
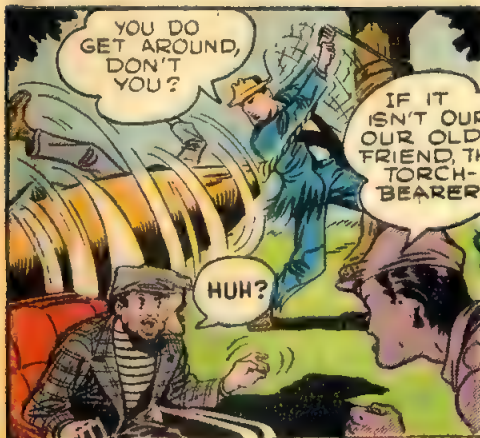
THEY SAY ALL THE HOBOES WHAT'S SEEN IT WANTA SETTLE THERE FOR LIFE!

IF IT'S THAT GOOD, MAYBE EVEN RICH FOLKS WILL BE FIGHTING TO GET IN!

PARADISE JUNGLE-A HOBO HAVEN SUCH AS NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE-WHOSE FAME HAS ALREADY, IN A FEW DAYS, SPREAD FAR AND WIDE AMONG THE BRETHREN OF THE ROAD. ... THE LONG TRAIN RUMBLES THROUGH THE NIGHT, BEARING THE DISGUISED **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** AMONG OTHER UNINVITED PASSENGERS-AND SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE A GREAT SHOUT GOES UP:..









ONCE BEYOND THE LIMITS OF PARADISE JUNGLE...

AREN'T YOU WISE TO WHO THOSE MEDDLERS WERE SOAPY- THE BIG FELLA AND THE KID?

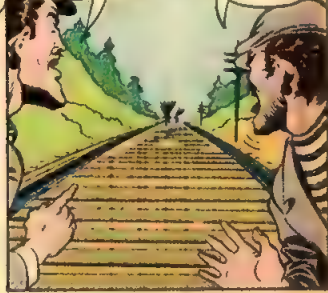
YA MEAN- BATMAN AN ROBIN? CHEE- WE'RE LUCKY WE GOT OUTA THERE AT ALL!

LUCKY, NOTHING! I COULD HAVE TAKEN OLD THURBRIDGE FOR HALF A MILLION AT LEAST- AND MAYBE I WILL YET!

YA MEAN- WE'RE GOIN' BACK? NOT ME- NOT WHILE DEM TWO BUNDLES O' DYNAMITE IS STILL AROUND!

OH, THEY WON'T BE THERE! SEE- THEY'RE COMING AFTER US NOW, AS I THOUGHT THEY WOULD!

OOHH!... WHAT ARE WE STANDIN' HERE FOR?...



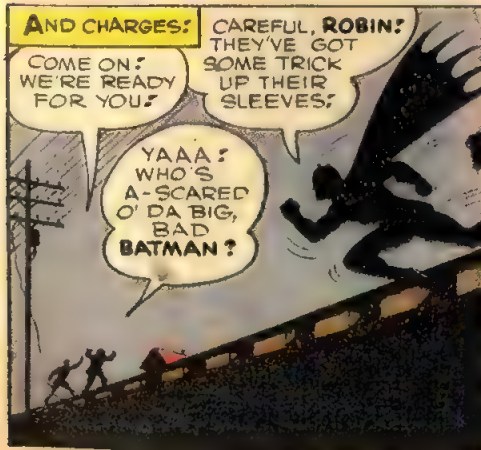
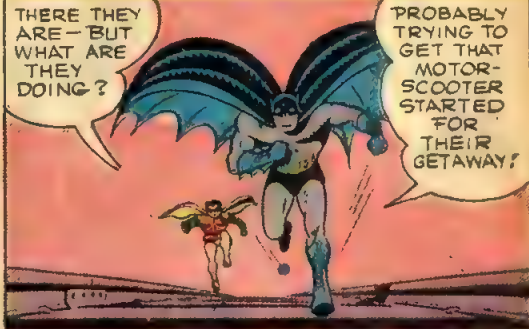
YOU USED TO BE AN ELECTRICIAN? CUT THAT HIGH-TENSION CABLE AND ATTACH IT TO ONE OF THE RAILS-QUICK!

I GET YA- AN' IT BETTER BE QUICK!

ONCE MORE WEARING THE CAPED UNIFORMS THAT HAVE STRUCK TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF COUNTLESS CRIMINALS, THE DYNAMIC DUO SIGHS THE 'ENEMY'...

THERE THEY ARE- BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

PROBABLY TRYING TO GET THAT MOTOR-SCOOTER STARTED FOR THEIR GETAWAY!



AND CHARGES!

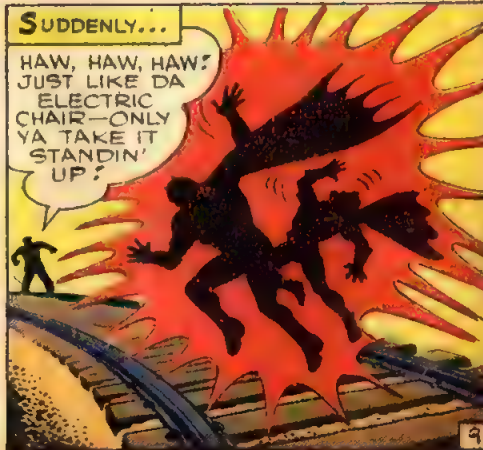
COME ON! WE'RE READY FOR YOU!

CAREFUL, ROBIN! THEY'VE GOT SOME TRICK UP THEIR SLEEVES!

YAAA! WHO'S A-SCARED O' DA BIG, BAD BATMAN?

SUDDENLY...

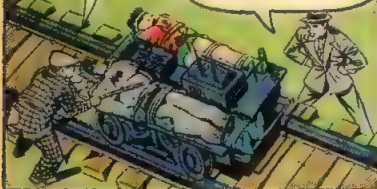
HAW, HAW, HAW! JUST LIKE DA ELECTRIC CHAIR- ONLY YA TAKE IT STANDIN' UP!



JOLTED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS BY THE POWERFUL CURRENT, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE LASHED TO THE RAILROAD SCOOTER...

A NEW WAY O' TAKIN' TROUBLE-MAKERS FOR A RIDE—EH, SILVERS?

SHUT UP AND GET THAT THING-STARTED! THE WESTERN LIMITED WILL COME THROUGH ON THIS TRACK IN TEN MINUTES!



A GASOLINE MOTOR SPLUTTERS... A TINY CAR MOVES OVER SHINING RAILS, GATHERING SPEED IN A SPINE-TINGLING RACE TOWARD DEATH... AND WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO BATMAN...



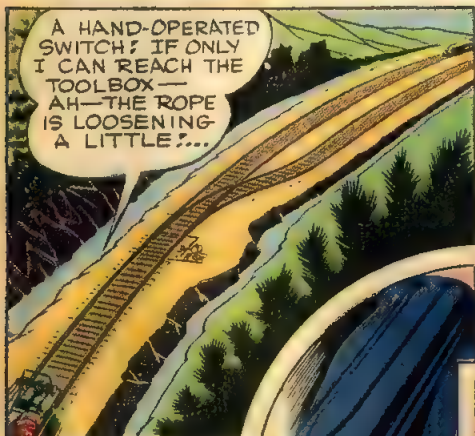
HUH?... I'M TIED—AND WE'RE MOVING—FAST!... **ROBIN!**

SCANT MINUTES MEASURE THEIR CHANCES...

ROBIN'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS, AND—GREAT SCOTT! A PASSENGER TRAIN COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!



A HAND-OPERATED SWITCH? IF ONLY I CAN REACH THE TOOLBOX—AH—THE ROPE IS LOOSENING A LITTLE!...

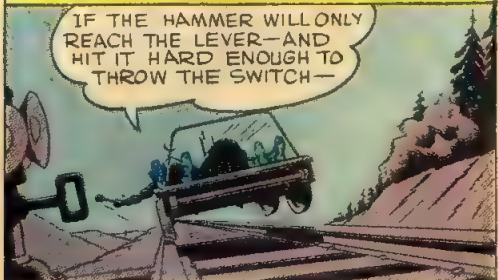


THE SWITCH TURNS!... BUT IS THERE TIME?

IF ONLY WE MAKE IT, I CAN WORK MY WAY OUT OF THESE ROPES IN A MINUTE OR TWO...

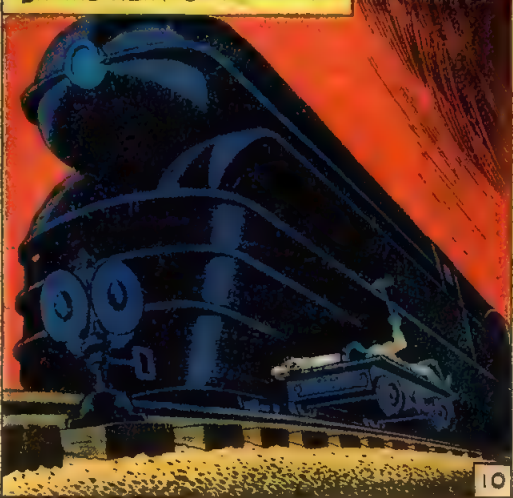


A STRAINING OF MIGHTY MUSCLES AGAINST TAUT BONDS—AND BATMAN GRASPS A LONG-HANDLED HAMMER!



IF THE HAMMER WILL ONLY REACH THE LEVER—AND HIT IT HARD ENOUGH TO THROW THE SWITCH—

IN THE NEXT SPLIT SECOND..



MEANWHILE THE EXILES HAVE RETURNED TO PARADISE JUNGLE TO DAZZLE WITH ELOQUENT LIES THE WITS OF NEWCOMERS, WHO KNOW LITTLE OR NOTHING OF THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER...

YOU SAW 'EM YOURSELVES, GRABBIN THE DOUGH I WAS GOING TO USE TO MAKE THINGS NICER HERE. IT WAS ME STARTED PARADISE JUNGLE - AND CASPER THE COASTER IS TRYING TO TAKE THE CREDIT - AND THE CASH!

HE'S THE ONE OUGHTTA BE KICKED OUT!

LIKE MANY ANOTHER KING BEFORE HIM, CASPER IS FRIGHTENED AND BEWILDERED AT THE APPROACH OF AN ANGRY MOB...

ARE YA GONNA LET DA RAT GET AWAY WIT IT?

WE'LL DUMP HIM IN DA CREEK!

GENTLEMEN! WH - WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

NO!

WE'LL RIDE HIM ON A RAIL!

REMEMBERING THAT LYNCHINGS HAVE GROWN OUT OF JUST SUCH SMALL BEGINNINGS AS THIS, THE SELF-STYLED KING OF THE HOBOES KNOWS REAL TERROR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE!

WE'LL LOCK HIM IN A REFRIGERATOR CAR!

JUST TIE HIM UP - AND LEAVE HIM TO SOAPY AN' ME!

WE'LL LYNCH HIM!

NO; NO; I ONLY WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT...

WHAT'S THIS? REBELLION IN PARADISE JUNGLE?

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

IT'S DEM-OR GHOSTS!

YOU CAN CRACK A SAFE - BUT I CAN CRACK A JAW!

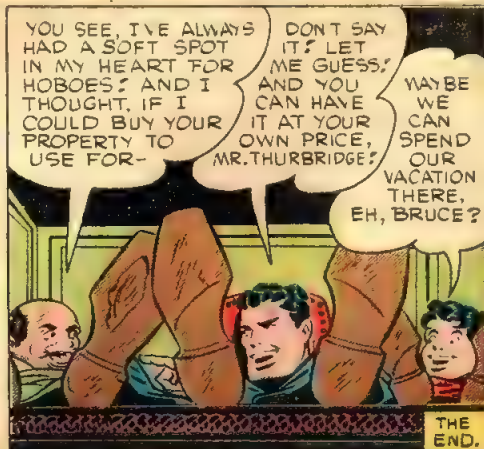
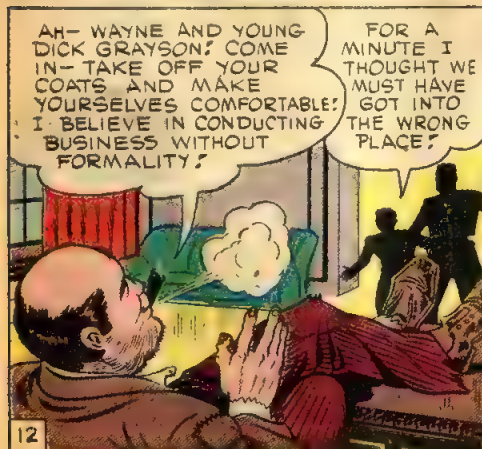
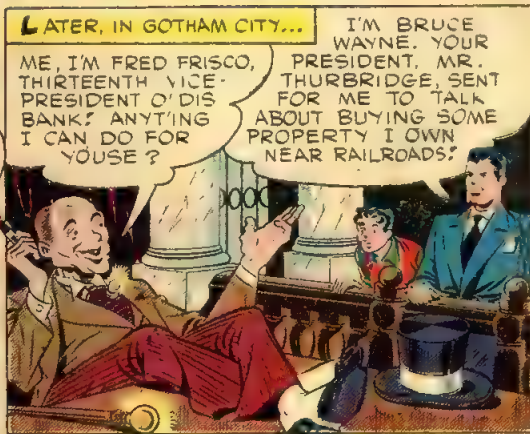
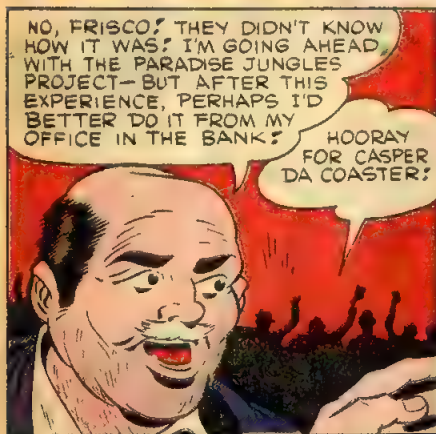
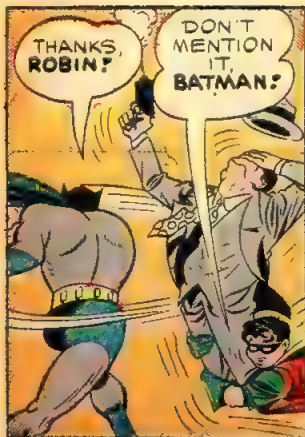
COME ON, YOU GUYS, WE CAN HANDLE 'EM!

NUTTIN' DOIN'! WHATEVER SIDE BATMAN IS ON IS DA RIGHT SIDE - AN' DAT'S OUR SIDE, TOO!

THIS TIME I'LL GET YOU!

HUH?...

BATMAN - LOOK OUT!



LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Private Jones reporting, 15th Infantry— with one of Tojo's supermen!"

THOSE FAMOUS walkie-talkies (portable 2-way radios) and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces are powered by "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries. This is a tremendous assignment and requires our entire production at the present time. But rest assured that plenty of these powerful little batteries will be back for civilian use after the war.



*Whenever you have an extra dollar, put it toward an
extra War Bond!*

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The words "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

SLAM BRADLEY

MY, MY—
I WONDER
WHERE THOSE
RATS WENT!

TAKEN
TO
COVER!
I GUESS!

CAN A MAN BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE? WELL, IT'S HARDLY POSSIBLE ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF NATURE! BUT JUST WHEN THOSE ACES OF ACTION, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN ARE READY TO SWEAR THEY'VE SEEN DOUBLE, ALONG COMES ANEW WRINKLE IN RUSES—FOLLOWED BY AN ASTOUNDING LEAD THAT COLLARS THE ROGUE WHO CONCOCTS AN ...

**'Audacious
Alibi!'**

IN THE RESTAURANT WHERE SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN DINE REGULARLY—WHEN THEY HAVE THE PRICE...

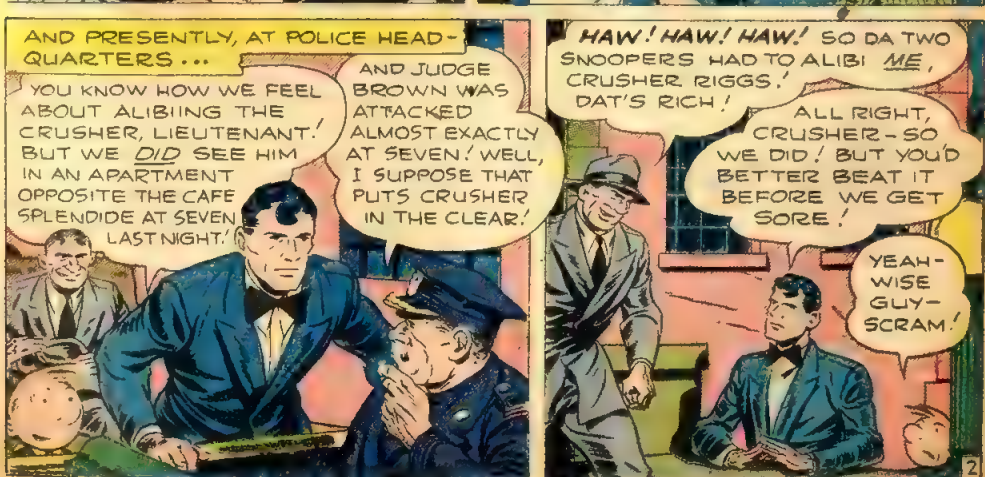
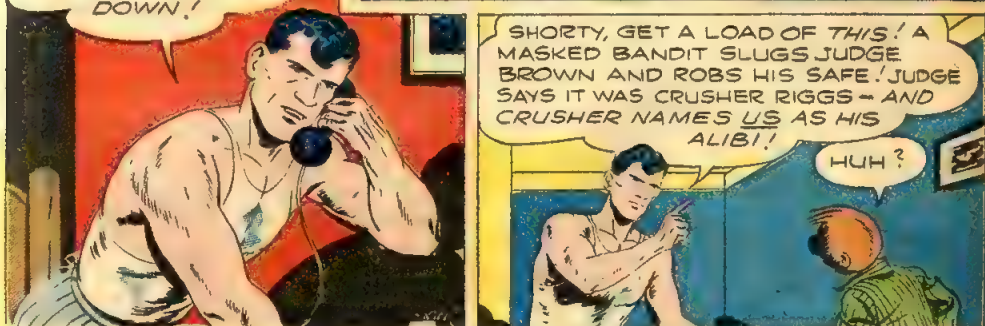
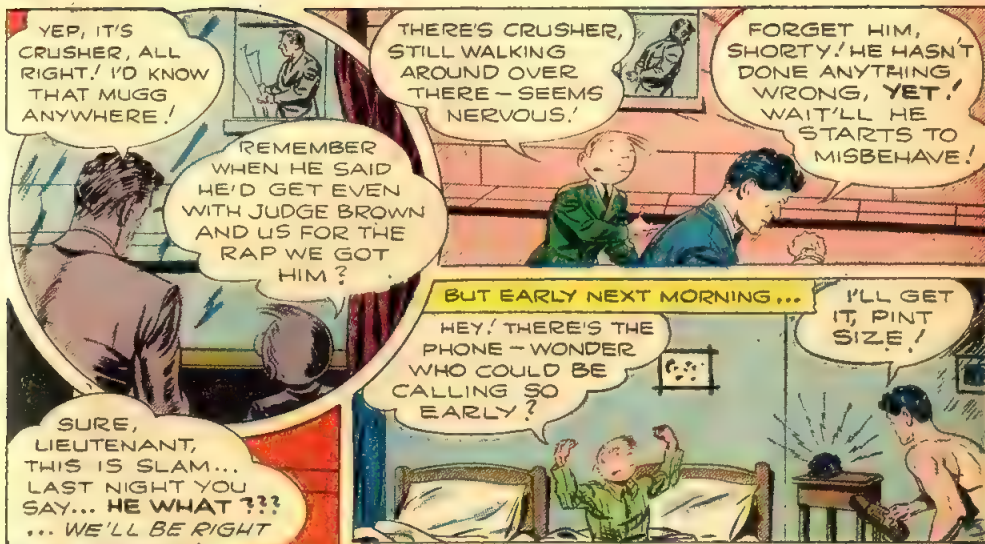
FOR A NEW
WAITER,
THIS LOUIE
ISN'T
BAD!

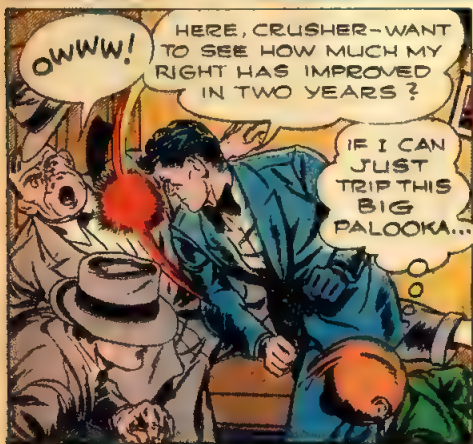
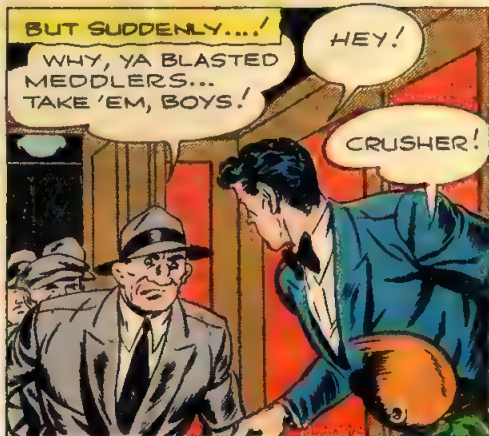
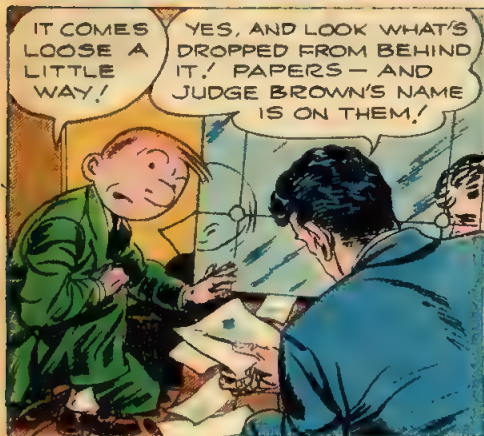
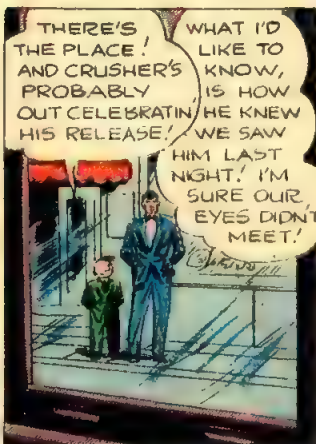
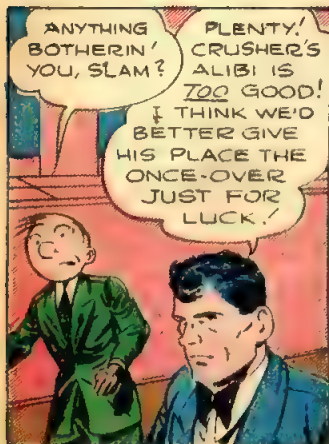
IT'S A WONDER
HE'S GIVEN US
SUCH GOOD
SERVICE! HE
SEEMS MORE
INTERESTED
IN LOOKING
OUT THE
WINDOW!

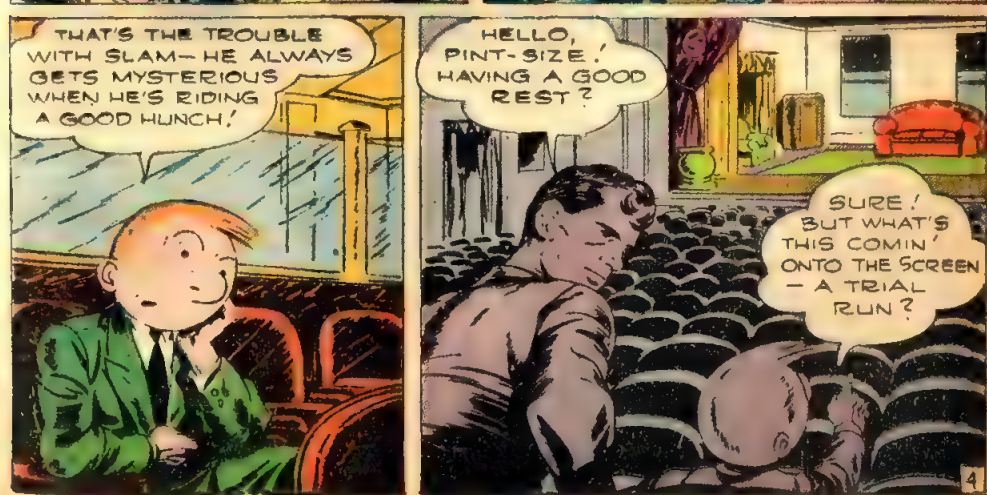
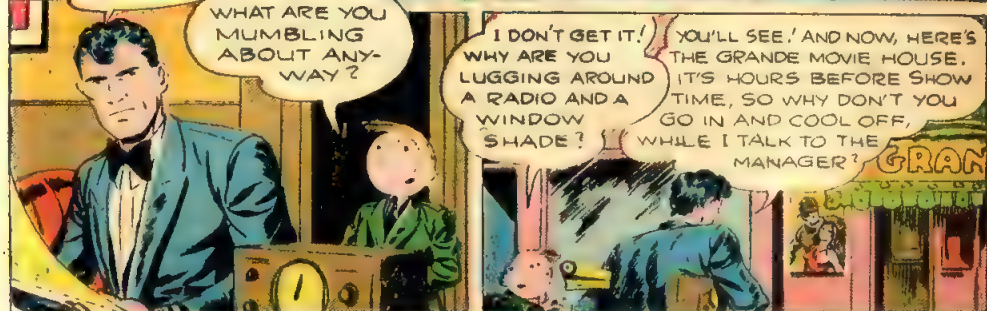
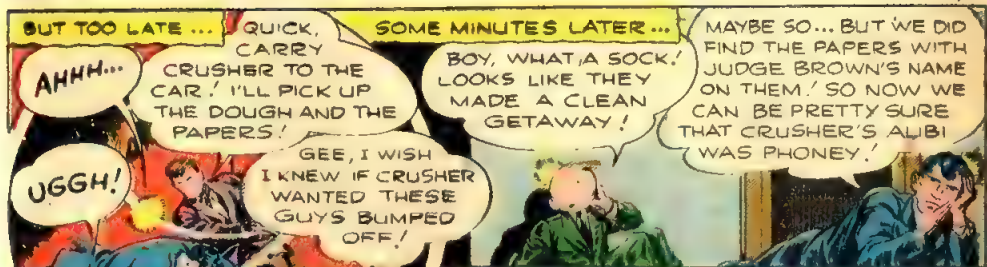
WHAT GOES
ON, LOUIE?
YOU'VE HAD
YOUR EYES
GLUED TO
THAT WINDOW
FOR FIFTEEN
MINUTES!

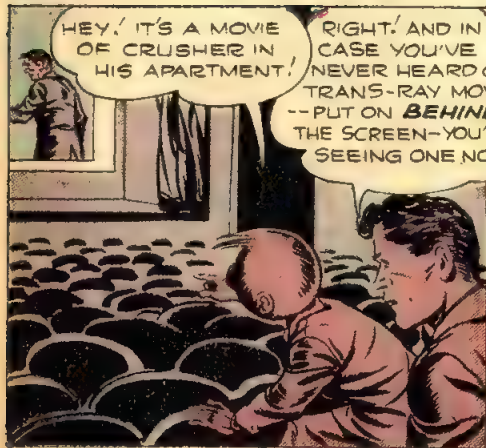
DON'T LIKE TO TROUBLE YOU,
MR. BRADLEY, BUT THAT MAN
IN THE APARTMENT ACROSS
THE STREET LOOKS LIKE
"CRUSHER" RIGGS, WHO
GOT OUT OF PRISON A FEW
WEEKS AGO!

**CRUSHER
RIGGS? LET'S
TAKE A LOOK!**



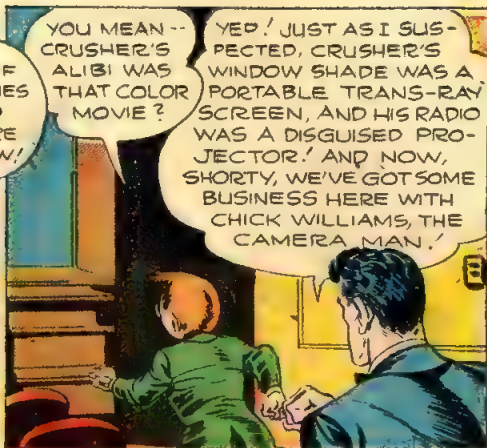






HEY! IT'S A MOVIE OF CRUSHER IN HIS APARTMENT!

RIGHT! AND IN CASE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF TRANS-RAY MOVIES -- PUT ON **BEHIND** THE SCREEN--YOU'RE SEEING ONE NOW!



YOU MEAN -- CRUSHER'S ALIBI WAS THAT COLOR MOVIE?

YED! JUST AS I SUSPECTED. CRUSHER'S WINDOW SHADE WAS A PORTABLE TRANS-RAY SCREEN, AND HIS RADIO WAS A DISGUISED PROJECTOR! AND NOW, SHORTY, WE'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS HERE WITH CHICK WILLIAMS, THE CAMERA MAN!

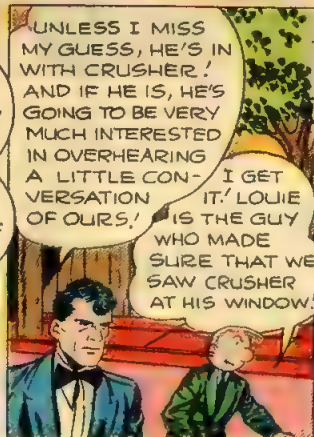


TWO BUSY HOURS LATER...

OKAY, FELLOWS! I GUESS THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

GREAT WORK, CHICK!

AND NOW FOR A SNACK AT THE CAFE SPLENDIDE! LOUIE, THE WAITER THERE, HAS TAKEN ON A GREAT DEAL OF INTEREST FOR ME!

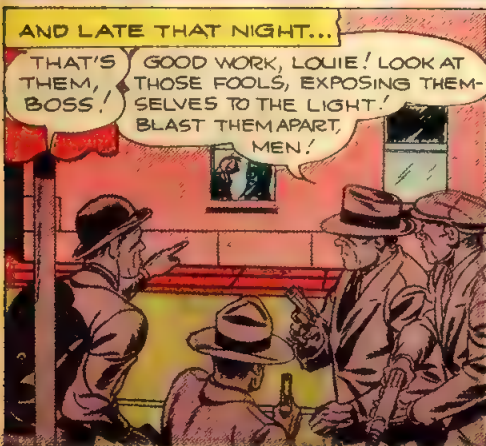


UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HE'S IN WITH CRUSHER! AND IF HE IS, HE'S GOING TO BE VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN OVERHEARING A LITTLE CON- I GET IT! LOUIE IS THE GUY WHO MADE SURE THAT WE SAW CRUSHER AT HIS WINDOW!



WE'LL WAIT TILL TOMORROW TO TELL THE COPS WE FOUND JUDGE BROWN'S PAPERS IN CRUSHER'S APARTMENT!

TELL YOU WHAT-- LET'S STAY AT CRUSHER'S TONIGHT! HE MAY COME BACK TO GET THOSE PAPERS!



AND LATE THAT NIGHT...

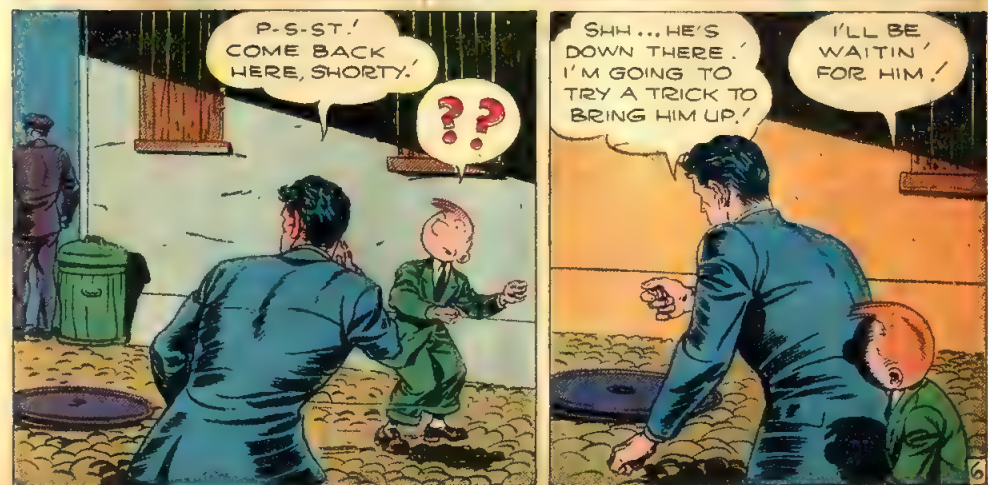
THAT'S GOOD WORK, BOSS!

GOOD WORK, LOUIE! LOOK AT THOSE FOOLS, EXPOSING THEMSELVES TO THE LIGHT! BLAST THEM APART, MEN!



THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!

HEY... THEY AIN'T BUDGIN'!



AND FOR THE SECOND TIME, OUR HEROES ARE "OVERHEARD"...

WELL, HE GOT AWAY, SHORTY! MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW THE COPS DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!

YEAH! LET'S GO! P.S.-ST! I'LL TELL ONE OF THE COPS TO DRIVE OFF, USING THE SIREN!

I HEARD 'EM DRIVE OFF! NOW I'LL...

OKAY, CRUSHER—THIS IS THE FINALE!

BUT NOT BEFORE I GET YOU, SLAM BRADLEY!

OH, YEAH?

OOF!

THAT WAS MY PAINFUL DUTY, CRUSHER!

THE LIEUTENANT SAYS JUDGE BROWN MAY PAY US A REWARD, SLAM!

WELL, THIS TIME, WHAT REALLY COUNTS IS SHOWING THOSE CHEAP HOODLUMS THEY CAN'T TAKE OUT GRUDGES! AGAINST THE HONEST DECISIONS OF JUDGES!

NO KIDDING, KIDS ----
Y'GOTTA DO BETTER!

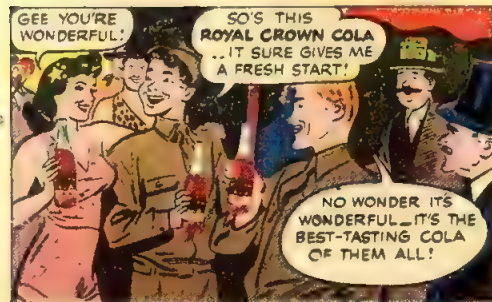
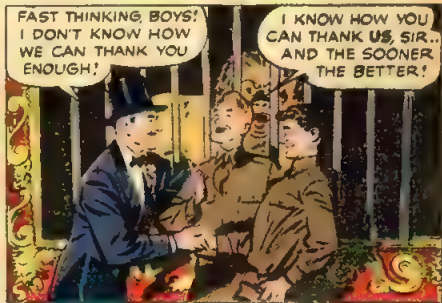
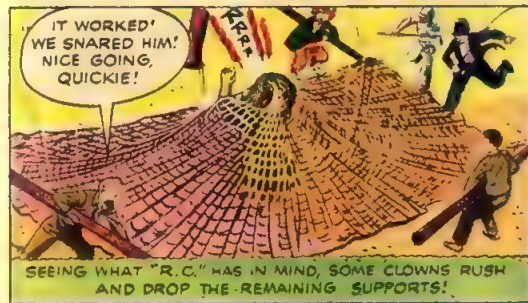
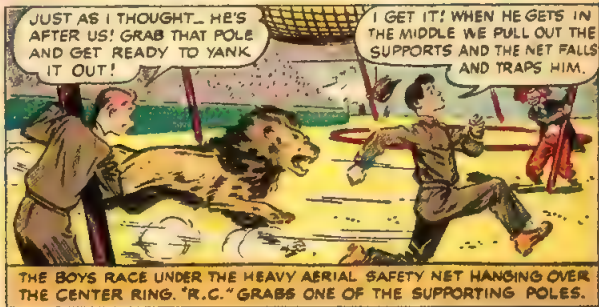
YOU'VE BEEN DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF GETTING THE OLD WASTE PAPER INTO THE COLLECTION, BUT...

... BUT UNCLE SAM SAYS MORE AND MORE IS NEEDED!

WASTE PAPER IS A VITAL MATERIAL OF WAR. COMMON KIDS -- DO YOUR VERY BEST --
COLLECT MORE WASTE PAPER!!

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

CIRCUS TERROR!



THREE-RING BINKO

OUR TOP-FLIGHT BOOKING AGENT
FOR CARNIVAL, SIDE-SHOW, AND
CIRCUS HEADLINE ACTS-- THAN
WHOM THERE IS NO TOP-FLIGHTER!

THERE'S OUR ACT, BRO. BINKS!
'CANNON BALL' COONIGAN-- THE
'HOOMAN PROJECTILE--HE DOES EIGHT
FULL FLIP-OVERS ON HIS TRIP TO THE NET,
AND LANDS-- STANDIN' UP!-- CROSS-LEGGED!
PUFFIN' A STOGIE, WHILE HE CASUALLY
READS THE RACIN' RESULTS, -- DO
WE GET A CONTRACT, PAL?

ZIP YOUR FLIP LIP, CHUM,
AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT A
CANNON-BALL ACT THAT WAS--
WHAT I MEAN-- A 100 PERCENT
'ALL-OUT' CANNON-BALL
SENSATION.-- LISTEN ---

... ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I WAS ONLY ONE
JUMP AHEAD OF A WALLET-PANIC-- TRYING TO SAVE
A LAST-GASP CARNIVAL. I WAS TRAIPSING
THROUGH THE OZARKS WITH-- WHEN ONE DAY---

HIYA, PODNER. I KNOW YOUR LIL' OL'
SO-CALLED TRAVESTY HERE IS CREAKIN' ON
ALL ITS HINGES, SO BEFORE IT COMMITS
ITSELF A TOTAL HARI-KIRI, HOWZABOUT ME
SAVIN' IT, WITH THE COLOSSALEST ACT IN
SHOW BUSINESS?

HARUMPH!-- BR. WHAT'S
YOUR BEST EXCUSE FOR
MERELY LIVING, STRANGER?

BECAUSE, PAL, I ONLY HAPPEN TO BE
THE GEE-RATEST 'SHOT-FROM-A-CANNON'
ARTISTE IN THIS OR ANY OTHER WORLD--
WANNA DEMONSTRATION?-- STEP OUTSIDE!

I'M A-STEPPIN',
SONNY-BOY!

HERE'S MY 'PROPS' PAPPY—Y'SEE I DON'T EVEN USE A NET, NOSIREEE -- AND WHAT MAKES ME AN 'EXTRA-SPECIAL' SOMETHING, IS THAT I GO STRAIGHT UP!!

DO Y'STAY THERE, BUB?

WE'LL SORTA SKIP THAT LAST CRACK-- NOW WHEN I YELL 'CONTACT'—YOU GIVE WITH THAT FOOT-PEDAL, GET ME?

RIGHTO, SONNY BOY— BUT IF YOU DON'T COME BACK, WRITE!

CONTACT!!

BLAM!!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!!

UHM-UMM! THAT SURE LOOKS LIKE ALL OF A LONG-MILE UP!!

AND, DAWGGONE ME, IF THE LI'L RASCAL DIDN'T PACK ALONG A PARACHUTE!

HMM, I MIGHTA FIGURED THERE WAS A 'GAG' TO IT!

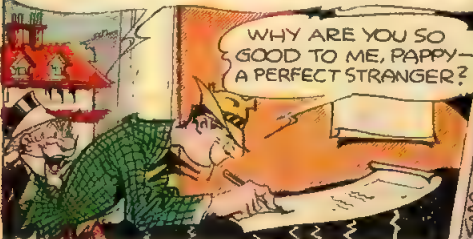
WELL, BATHE MAH BROW— NOW AIN'T THAT SUMP'N?

THERE Y'ARE PAPPY— RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM!

PHEW! YOU'RE IN THE GROOVE— PERFECT, SON!

-- I SIGNED HIM LIKE A FLASH--IN A FLASH!

THAT CONTRACT CALLS FOR THE RUN OF THE SHOW, BUD-- IT ALSO ENTITLES YOU TO ACCUMULATED MONIES TO THE AMOUNT OF \$18. WEEKLY (OR ANY PART THEREOF) AS YOUR REGULAR RECOMPENSE, STIPEND, BIT, WAGES OR SALARY-- I FURTHER GUARANTEE TO REPLACE ALL BUSTED PARACHUTES, DUE TO MY UTTER LACK OF BETTER SENSE!



WHY ARE YOU SO GOOD TO ME, PAPPY-- A PERFECT STRANGER?

I IMMEDIATELY NICKNAMED HIM, 'MILLIMETRE-GUN' MURPHY' AND HE WAS A BOX-OFFICE BLAST FROM THE OPENING SHOT!

ANY TIME HE HAS T'LEAVE TOWN IN A HURRY, HE AIN'T GOT A WORRY IN THE WORLD, EH, ELMO?

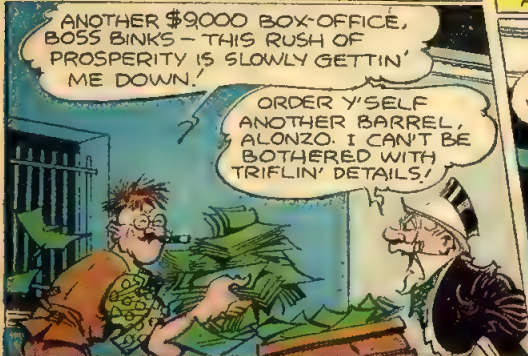
HEEZA HOOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN', CLOUD-BUSTER, IF Y'ASK ME, WILBUR-- GO AHEAD -- ASK ME!



WELL, SIR, THE FOLDING-MONEY POURED IN LIKE AN OUT-FOR-THE-RECORD FLOOD, FOR THE NEXT THREE HAPPY MONTHS.

ANOTHER \$9,000 BOX-OFFICE, BOSS BINKS-- THIS RUSH OF PROSPERITY IS SLOWLY GETTIN' ME DOWN!

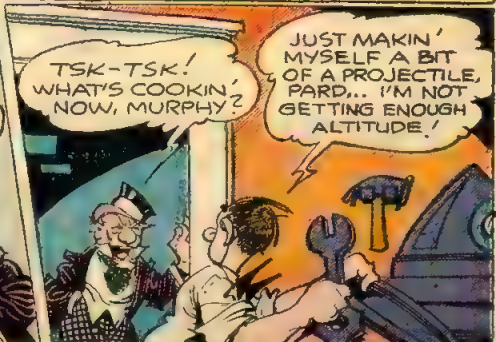
ORDER Y'SELF ANOTHER BARREL, ALONZO. I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH TRIFLIN' DETAILS!



...THEN 'MILLIMETRE' GOT AMBITION -- (HE WAS AN EXPERT MECHANIC BY TRADE)!-- ONE DAY I CAUGHT HIM TINKERING AWAY IN OUR WORK-SHOP!

TSK-TSK! WHAT'S COOKIN' NOW, MURPHY?

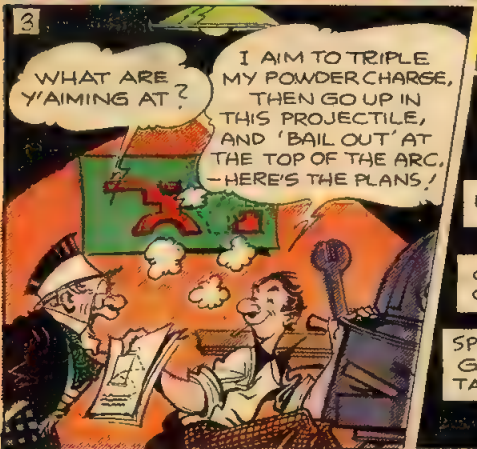
JUST MAKIN' MYSELF A BIT OF A PROJECTILE, PARD... I'M NOT GETTING ENOUGH ALTITUDE!



3

WHAT ARE Y'AIMING AT?

I AIM TO TRIPLE MY POWDER CHARGE, THEN GO UP IN THIS PROJECTILE, AND 'BAIL OUT' AT THE TOP OF THE ARC. -- HERE'S THE PLANS!



PLAN OF THE PROJECTILE.

REMOVABLE CAP.

PARACHUTE.

CLUB CHAIR.

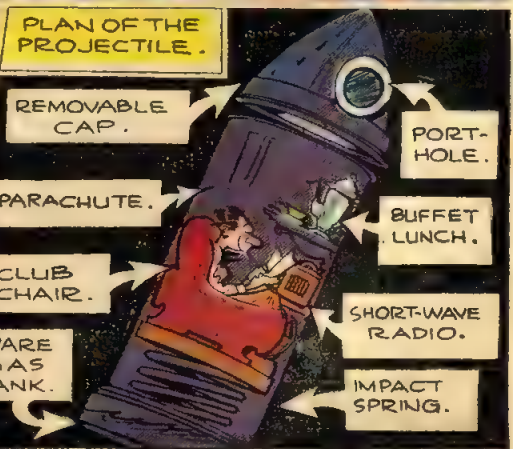
SPARE GAS TANK.

PORT-HOLE.

BUFFET LUNCH.

SHORT-WAVE RADIO.

IMPACT SPRING.



AND, BELIEVE-IT-OR-RIPLEY, FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS HIS NEW GADGET WORKED LIKE A CHARM-- THEN IT HAPPENED!!

I DON'T GET IT, BOSS, EVERY NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW HE MAKES AN EXTRA TRIP-- AND HE CHANGES HIS COURSE-- HE DOESN'T GO 'STRAIGHT UP' ON THIS ONE, BUT ALWAYS TILTS HIS CANNON AT THAT ANGLE!



THE NEXT NIGHT WE SCHEMED US A SCHEME-- WE RUSHED OUT IN A CAR IN THE DIRECTION OF THAT ANGLE, AND ...



THERE HE GOES NOW, BOSS-- AND HE'S HEADIN' PLUM INTO THE MIDDLE O' HIXVILLE, THE NEXT TOWN!



... AND WITH THAT PARTING BLAST HE LEFT THE SHOW FLAT. -- EH? -- YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING NOW? -- WHY, BETTER'N EVER, CHUM, BETTER'N EVER-- HE STARTED A DIRECT DOOR-TO-DOOR DELIVERY EXPRESS COMPANY OF HIS OWN, AND HE'S CLEANIN' UP A FORTUNE!!

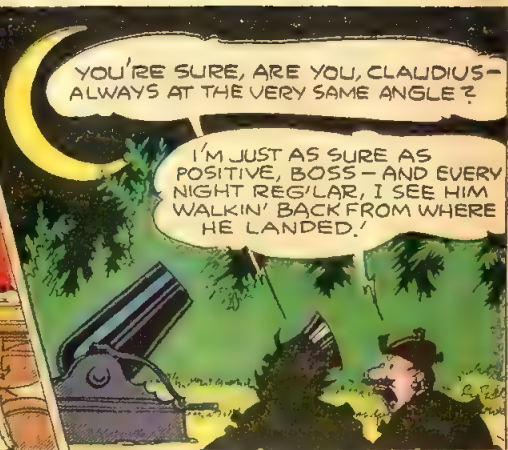
TWO MORE 'RUSHES' FOR SCRANTON, PA., BOSS!!

WAIT'LL I GET THESE 'SPECIALS' OFF TO DANBURY, CONN. MAC-- THEN GIVE ME THAT LOAD FOR NEWARK, N.J.!!



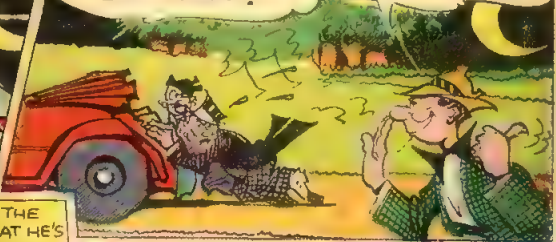
YOU'RE SURE, ARE YOU, CLAUDIUS-- ALWAYS AT THE VERY SAME ANGLE?

I'M JUST AS SURE AS POSITIVE, BOSS-- AND EVERY NIGHT REG'LAR, I SEE HIM WALKIN' BACK FROM WHERE HE LANDED!



WELL, SIR-- WE RUN OURSELVES OUT OF GAS FOLLOWING HIM-- AND HOURS LATER-- WHILE WE'RE TRYING TO PUSH OUR JALOPPY BACK HOME, WHO MEANDERS ALONG THE ROAD BEHIND US BUT MILLIMETRE MURPHY HIMSELF, IN PERSON, AND ...

SO WHAT? ... SO I'M 'RUSHING' ME A ROMANCE! SO I'M QUITTING SHOW BUSINESS FOREVER, AS OF NOW-- AND SETTLIN' DOWN SENSIBLE-- SO, TO YOU TWO SQUIRRELS, WITHOUT A CAGE-- SO LONG!

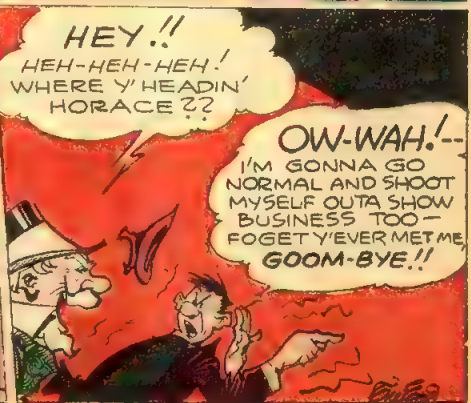


HEY!!

HEH-HEH-HEH! WHERE Y' HEADIN' HORACE??

OW-WAH!!

I'M GONNA GO NORMAL AND SHOOT MYSELF OUTA SHOW BUSINESS TOO-- FOGET Y'EVER MET ME, GOOM-BYE!!



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I WANT TO BE A CHAMPION

Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 30,
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please send me the Library of Sports books I have checked below.
I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and 10¢ for each set of two books.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Baseball Champion? | <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Track and Field Champion (Track). |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Golf Champion? (for boys). | <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Field). |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Golf Champion? (for girls). | <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Basketball Champion? (for boys). |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Football Champion? | <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Basketball Champion? (for girls). |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Tennis Champion? (for boys). | <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Swimming Champion? |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Tennis Champion? (for girls). | <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Bowling Champion? |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Softball Champion? | <input type="checkbox"/> Want to be a Home and Neighborhood Games Champion? |

Name

Address

City Zone State



THE TOUGHEST MUGG IN TOWN GOES SOFT.. HIS HEART MELTS IN THE CRUCIBLE OF LOVE! BUT THE SOUNDS THAT FILL THE AIR AS UGLY PANNE GOES COURTING! THE SHREIKS THAT PLAGUE THE NIGHT AND SHATTER THE PEACE! BUT THEN, WHEN THINGS REACH THEIR WORST, SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE NIGHT COMES THE HAND OF JUSTICE AND ORDER WITH.

"SOUND EFFECTS
by Air Wave!"

GEO.
ROUSSOS

IN POLICE STATIONS THROUGHOUT THE CITY, A FEELING OF EXPECTANCY GROWS...

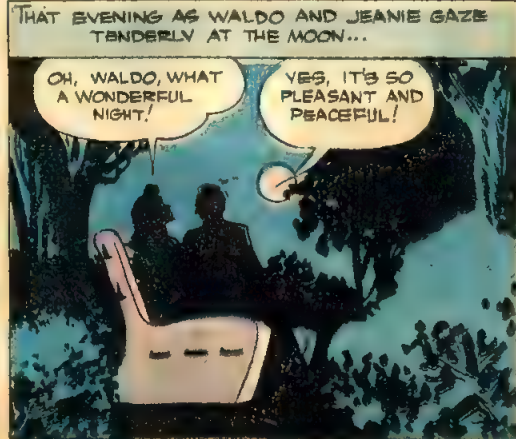
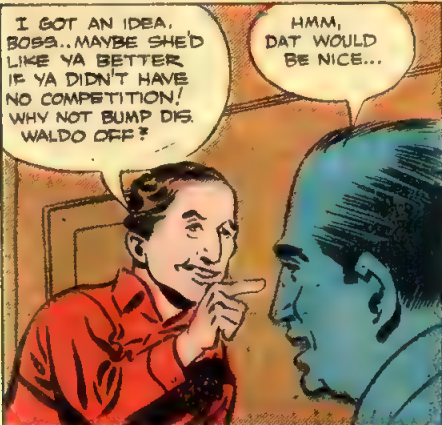
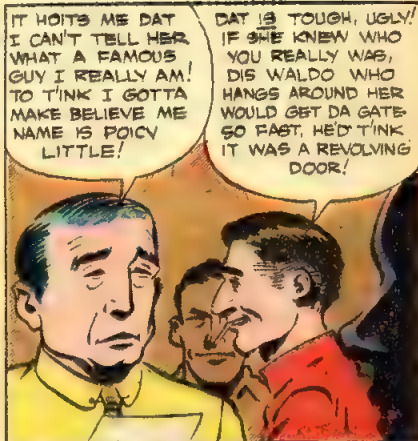
"UGLY" PANNE'S BEEN TOO QUIET LATELY! I DON'T LIKE IT!

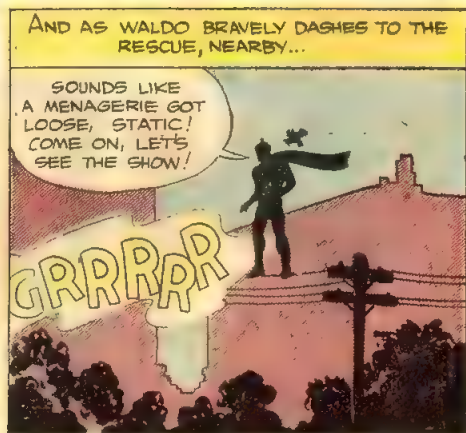
YEAH, ONE OF THESE MORNINGS WE'LL WAKE UP AND FIND THAT HE'S MADE A HAUL OF HALF A MILLION!

WHILE IN THE NEWSPAPERS....



YES, HE'S A MUCH DREADED CRIMINAL, IS MR. PANNE! POLICE, BANKS, JEWELRY STORES, PAYMASTERS--ALL LIVE IN FEAR AND TREMBLING OF HIS DARING RAIDS! HOWEVER, AT PRESENT, 'THE DEADLY UGLY PANNE' IS IN NO CONDITION TO PLAY THE CZAR OF CRIME. HE IS, IN FACT, IN A VERY TENDER MOOD!







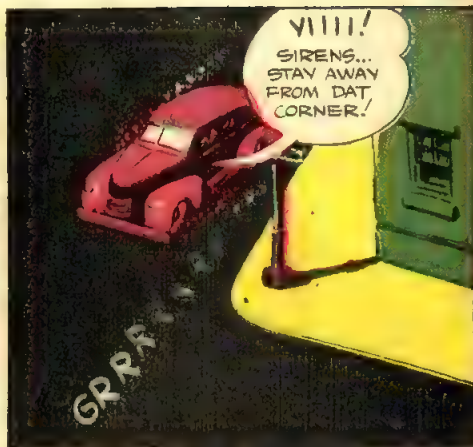


AS THE THUGS RACE TO THEIR FREEDOM...

HERE COMES
UGLY PANNE
AND HIS GANG
BOYS!

SURE, AND
WE'LL BLAST
'EM TO
BITS!

HEY, DA
COPS ARE UP
DERE WAITING
FER US.
TOIN AROUND,
QUICK!



VIIII!

SIRENS...
STAY AWAY
FROM DAT
CORNER!

GRRA

GRRR!
AWOO!

KEEP IT UP,
WALDO! WE'VE
GOT 'EM
GUESSING!



THEY'VE LOST
THEIR HEADS...
THEY'RE COMING
BACK OUR WAY!



AND THEN, AS *Ugly Panne*
PUTS ON THE FINISHING
TOUCH IN THE BATTLE OF
SOUND...

DA
ENGINE
EXPLODED!
JUMP BE-
FORE WE
CRASH!

DIS IS DA END!
WID NO CAR,
DA COPS'LL
GET US FER
SURE!



LATER, WITH THE DEMORALIZED CRIMINALS
SAFE IN POLICE CUSTODY...

WALDO, I'M
PROUD OF YOU.
YOU WERE SO
BRAVE!

ER, NOT REALLY, JEANIE!
AFTER ALL, BEING THE SOUND
EFFECTS MAN AT A RADIO
STATION MYSELF, I WASN'T
GOING TO BE SCARED BY AN
AMATEUR LIKE PERCY!

PERCY?
GREAT SCOTT!
DON'T YOU KNOW THE
MAN WE CAPTURED,
WAS UGLY PANNE,
THE VICIOUS CRI-
MINAL!



UGLY? ULP...
ER...GOSH!

WALDO...
MY
HERO!

AWWRK!
ALL'S WELL THAT
ENDS ON A
HAPPY
NOTE!



A SLIDE FOR LIFE

by Alton Black

"NOW see here, John Briggs, don't try to tell me how to run my business. When I order something done, it's going to be done." Colonel Charles Storm, of the United States Army, was getting pretty mad.

John Briggs glared at him. "How's a man going to get vital war work done if you Army fellows are always trying to upset him?" the owner of Briggs Aircraft demanded peevishly. "Nobody's going to bomb us, and you know it."

They were sitting over the luncheon table in the plant. John Briggs was more than a little peeved over being dragged away from his work. He didn't like eating anyway, he protested. It was a lot of foolishness, with a war going on. A man might do better inventing if he didn't take time off to eat.

"Now see here, John," the Colonel continued, "there's no use arguing with me. You know how much the Government depends on your plant. And we're determined to safeguard it." He grunted. "Just because some fancy university makes you a Professor because of your war contributions, don't go getting tempermental on me. Remember, I used to lick you at rascaling two out of three times when we were kids."

John Briggs grinned. "And you're still trying to whittle me down to size. I tell you, Charley, I'm getting tired of it. And this business of putting a guard around my laboratory, just because I decided to put in a new roof to get some fresh air! I want that man taken away!"

"That civilian guard stays," the Colonel said. "I'm responsible for your safety, as well as the plant's, and the workers in

it." His voice became pleading. "Now, why don't you stop complaining, John, and co-operate."

"Co-operate!" John Briggs got up from his chair. "What do you think I've been doing?" He laid down his napkin. "You and your spy theories." Then, caustically. "Please don't let the spies bother me while I finish this new model for the Government. Your Generals are due here tomorrow morning to look it over."

He stamped out. Colonel Storm, following the long bent back, smiled. "You're a temperamental old fool, John," he murmured, "and you sure underestimate the enemy."

Well, after all, he couldn't blame John Briggs, the Colonel thought. A man sort of became eccentric when he dabbled in inventions. He couldn't expect that sort of man to understand the cleverness of the enemy.

Colonel Storm was dead right. The enemy was clever. He had hired Angelo Vanti.

Now, Angelo Vanti was a clever machinist, as well as a seller of secrets. He didn't know for whom he was to do this latest job, but he had an idea it was for a certain slant-eyed bunch in the Orient. He didn't care, really. He was paid off, and well, for information obtained.

It was too bad the FBI hadn't caught up with Angelo Vanti yet. Too bad and dangerous. For Angelo Vanti, despite his forged birth certificate, was an alien, a dangerous alien. He was much too clever.

For six months now, he had been working for Briggs Aircraft, and doing a good job, both for Briggs, and Angelo Vanti. The last job paid him

more than the former. Nevertheless, he was considerably surprised when, the night before, he had met the middleman in his apartment. It had not been a prearranged meeting, like the others.

The middleman had been excited. "This Briggs is doing something big," he had said. "You've got to get the information for us." The spy had added, "That tip you gave us that a guard was put over his place last week helped."

Angelo Vanti had smiled and said: "I always deliver the goods, don't I?"

"Yes, but you don't know that a new plane will shortly go into production," the spy had revealed. "Briggs has the model nearly completed. It will be fast and pack a punch my client's Zeros should have."

Angelo Vanti had nodded wisely. "I'll find out as soon as I can."

The middleman shook his head. "No time," he had said. "Some high-ranking officers are coming to the factory the day after tomorrow. That means only one thing, Briggs will have the model ready for them. We want to see it first."

"You'll see it," Angelo Vanti had said. "Don't worry. Just wait for me here tomorrow night. And bring the dough."

They had shaken on that, and then Angelo Vanti began to plan his moves.

Being on the midnight shift helped. Before that guard had been placed in front of John Briggs' isolated laboratory the week before, it had been quite easy to observe John Briggs at his work. Unless in the case of a blackout, Briggs always

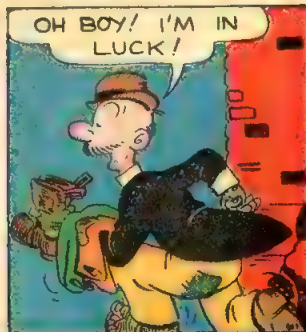
(Continued on inside back cover)

SCUFFY

THE TRAMP

by

WALT



WORN BY
COMMANDOS.
PARATROOPERS.
RANGERS
INFANTRYMEN

Look, Fellows..

A REAL U.S. ARMY PLASTIC HELMET!



THAT'S RIGHT! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN A GENUINE U.S. ARMY PLASTIC HELMET LINER. RELEASED BY OUR GOVERNMENT BECAUSE OF SLIGHT IMPERFECTIONS, THESE TOUGH, RUGGED HELMETS CAN REALLY TAKE IT. COMPLETE WITH ADJUSTABLE HEADBAND AND CHIN STRAP WITH BUCKLES. IN NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE MOTTLED GREEN. SPECIALLY PRICED TO YOU AT \$1.00 EACH YOU -- AND YOUR PAL -- GET YOUR HELMETS RIGHT AWAY!

FREE!
CAMOUFLAGE NET! DESIGNED TO FIT OVER HELMET. HOLDS LEAVES, GRASS, ETC FREE WITH EACH ORDER FOR HELMET!

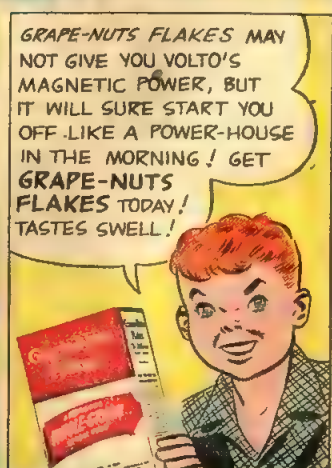
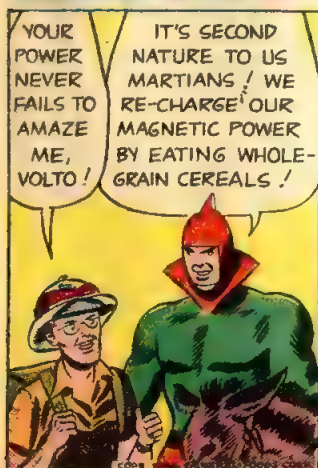
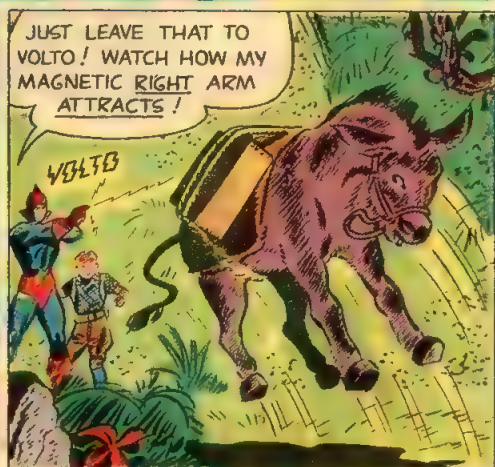
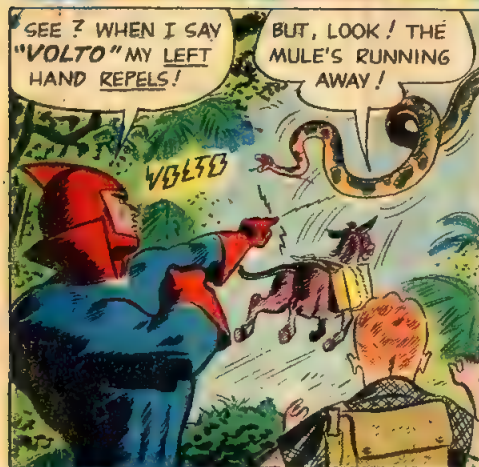
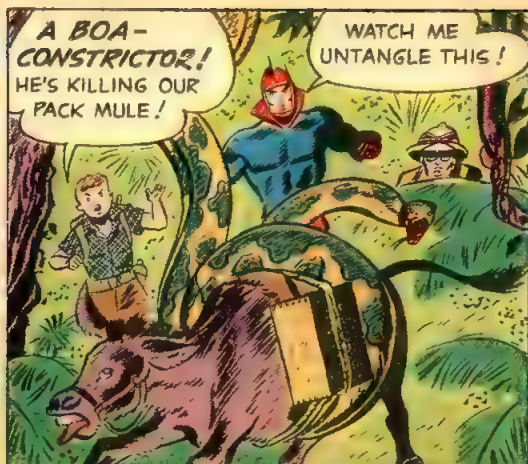
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Please send me postage prepaid immediately my genuine plastic U.S. Army helmet and Free Camouflage Net I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

The

BOY COMMANDOS

in

"The TRIAL of FIELD MARSHAL VON AUGEN!"

ORDER OF THE DAY:
We're moving
in ahead of the
main attack to
soften up a
tough position
in the Nazi
line!

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

DEEP IN THE MIND OF A NAZI FIELD MARSHAL IS A STRANGE STORY OF DARING AND INGENUITY -- BUT THE HEROES OF HIS TALE ARE THOSE UNFLINCHING ENEMIES OF FASCISM, THE BOY COMMANDOS AND THEIR FEARLESS LEADER, CAPTAIN RIP CARTER! SO SEARCH WITH US THROUGH THE TORTUOUS BRAIN OF A NAZI FOR THE PIECES THAT FIT TOGETHER TO MAKE UP A LIBERATING PATTERN OF UNCON-
DITIONAL SURRENDER!

BY JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE BOUNDARY OF NAZI GERMANY...

WE ARE HERE TO TRY A TRAITOR OF THE FUEHRER AND THE THIRD REICH! THIS IS THE MAN - FIELD MARSHAL FRITZ VON AUGEN - WHO FLED FROM THE MOST STRONGLY FORTIFIED POSITION ON THE FRONT AND GAVE IT UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!

HE FLED LIKE A COWARD! HIS ACT OF TREASON CREATED PANIC AMONG HIS TROOPS AND THEY TOO, RAN AWAY! THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT FOR THIS COWARD AND TRAITOR! THAT IS DEATH BY HANGING!

NO, HERR JUDGES! FIELD MARSHAL VON AUGEN HAS BEEN A LOYAL FOLLOWER OF DER FUEHRER! HIS RECORD IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY! I HAVE FILES TO PROVE IT!

THE GOOD WORK OF THE PAST DOES NOT EXCUSE HIM!

THE HERR MARSHAL DESERVES CONSIDERATION FOR THESE ACTS! IN SEVASTOPOL, HE PUT TO DEATH 15,000 JEWS - MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN! ISN'T THAT SOMETHING OF WHICH EVERY GERMAN CAN BE PROUD?

IN POLAND, THE HERR MARSHAL EXTERMINATED THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF SIX TOWNS - A TOTAL OF 2500 PEOPLE! AMONG THEM WERE 19 CATHOLIC PRIESTS! HERR HITLER HIMSELF GAVE HIM A MEDAL FOR THIS WORK!

AND LET ME POINT ALSO TO HIS RECORD IN NORWAY, WHERE HE PUT OUT OF EXISTENCE MORE THAN 14,000 PROTESTANTS!

HIS PAST FINE RECORD DOES NOT EXCUSE HIM! HE STILL FLED FROM THE AMERICAN ARMY WHEN THEY ATTACKED SCHLOSSHAVEN NEAR THE DUTCH BORDER!

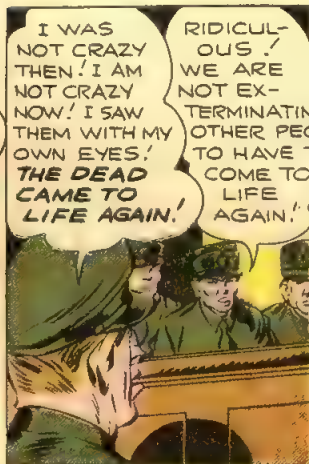
...HMMM... VERY INTERESTING...

I CAN EXPLAIN THAT!



AT SCHLOSSHAFEN-- THE HERR MARSHAL-- HE LOST HIS MIND. HE WAS INSANE

NO, NO! I WAS NOT INSANE!



I WAS NOT CRAZY THEN! I AM NOT CRAZY NOW! I SAW THEM WITH MY OWN EYES! **THE DEAD CAME TO LIFE AGAIN!**

RIDICULOUS! WE ARE NOT EXTERMINATING OTHER PEOPLE TO HAVE THEM COME TO LIFE AGAIN!



I KNOW WHAT I SAW! LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED-- AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY I FLED!

TELL YOUR STORY-- BUT HURRY! THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH ARMIES ARE TOO CLOSE FOR US TO WASTE TIME!



MINE FUEHRER PLACED ME IN COMMAND OF SCHLOSSHAFEN AND ORDERED ME TO MAKE IT IMPREGNABLE! OUR WHOLE LINE DEPENDED ON THIS IMPORTANT POSITION...



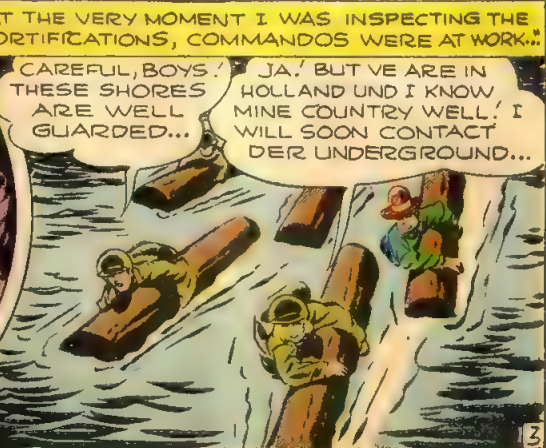
"THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO INSPECT THE FORTIFICATIONS..."

THESE AMERICANS... THEY WILL NEVER TRY TO ATTACK US ACROSS THIS RIVER. THIS POSITION CANNOT BE TAKEN BY FRONTAL ATTACK!

YES, HERR FIELD MARSHAL! NOT EVEN AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT WILL THEY DARE ATTACK!



YES, I WAS SURE OF THE STRENGTH OF MY POSITION THEN! BUT I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL LATER THAT...



"AT THE VERY MOMENT I WAS INSPECTING THE FORTIFICATIONS, COMMANDOS WERE AT WORK..."

CAREFUL, BOYS! THESE SHORES ARE WELL GUARDED...

JA, BUT WE ARE IN HOLLAND UND I KNOW MINE COUNTRY WELL! I WILL SOON CONTACT DER UNDERGROUND...

... LATER, I DISCOVERED THAT THESE COMMANDOS HAD OVERPOWERED SOME OF MY SOLDIERS...

DIS IS FAST AND NEAT, RIP. DA COAST IS CLEAR!

FOR A FEW MINUTES... UNTIL THEY DISCOVER THAT WE ARE HERE! WE'VE GOT TO SLIP INTO TOWN FIRST...



BROOKLYN AND ANDRE-- TAKE THAT GUARD OUT OF CIRCULATION! JAN AND ALFIE WILL COME INSIDE WITH ME!

OUI, REEF, WE WEE! HANDLE OUR JOB!



YOU TWO STAY OUT HERE WHILE WE DO SOME WORK IN THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE...



WE GOT 'IM, RIP! WOIK FAST!

HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE COMMANDOS? WHY DID THEY BREAK INTO YOUR OFFICE?

I FOUND OUT WHEN I RETURNED TO HEADQUARTERS...



AT FIRST I DID NOT UNDERSTAND...

WHAT IS THIS? HAVE THESE MEN BEEN BRAWLING?

NEIN, HERR FIELD MARSHAL... WE WERE ATTACKED BY SEVERAL COMMANDOS WHO APPEARED FROM NOWHERE...



COMMANDOS? IMPOSSIBLE! NOT EVEN COMMANDOS CAN BREAK INTO THIS TOWN! OUR POSITION IS IMPREGNABLE! IT IS THE UNDERGROUND--AND THEY MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON!



"I SEND A SQUAD OUT TO ROUND UP FIFTY HOSTAGES TO BE EXECUTED IN REPRISAL..."

SEIZE THE FIRST FIFTY HOSTAGES AND TAKE THEM TO THE YARD FOR EXECUTION!

YOU CAN SEE THAT I ACTED QUICKLY AND LIKE A TRUE NAZI. I PLANNED TO EXECUTE THE HOSTAGES AT ONCE BUT I DID NOT KNOW THAT SOMEHOW THE COMMANDOS KNEW MY PLANS AND PLOTTED TO FOIL ME...

"WHILE THE HOSTAGES WERE BEING ROUNDED UP..."

WORK QUIETLY AND FAST, BOYS! THIS HAS TO BLOW UP THIS FORT-- AND ALSO SERVE AS A DISTRACTION FOR THE NEXT JOB...

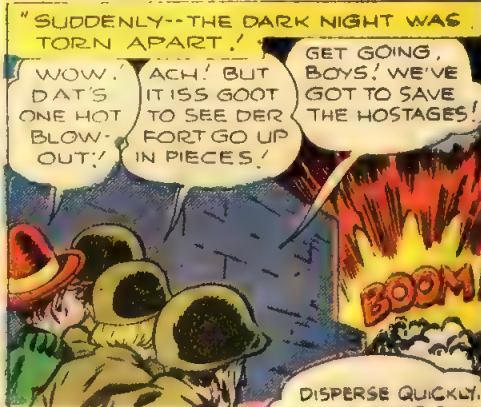
WE'RE ALL SET, RIP!

H'OPES WE TOIMED H'IT ROIGHT...



FORM A PYRAMID AT THE BASE OF THE WALL AS SOON AS THE EXPLOSION GOES OFF!

OUT!... AND I HAVE ZE ROPE LADDER READY!

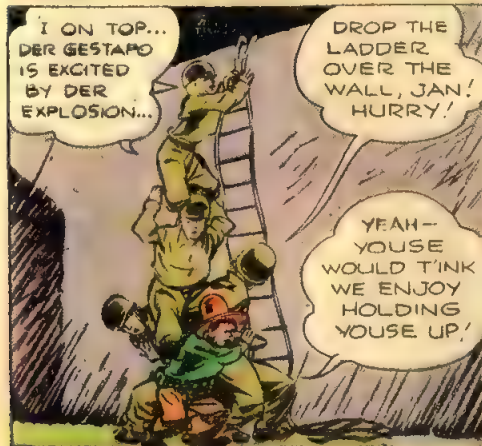


"SUDDENLY--THE DARK NIGHT WAS TORN APART!"

WOW, DAT'S ONE HOT BLOW-OUT!

ACH! BUT IT ISS GOOT TO SEE DER FORT GO UP IN PIECES!

GET GOING, BOYS! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE HOSTAGES!



I ON TOP... DER GESTAPO IS EXCITED BY DER EXPLOSION...

DROP THE LADDER OVER THE WALL, JAN! HURRY!

YEAH--YOUSE WOULD T'NK WE ENJOY HOLDING YOUSE UP!



YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! THEY WERE LINING US UP AGAINST THE WALL...

DISPERSE QUICKLY. WE ARE GOING BACK TO OUR HIDING PLACE... HERR FIELD MARSHAL VON AUGEN WILL PROBABLY HAVE MORE PLANS-- AND I WANT TO KNOW THEM!

"EVEN AS THE HOSTAGES WERE ESCAPING-- AND I FOUND THAT OUT LATER--I WAS TAKING MEASURES TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE OF THE EXPLOSION..."

"UNDER YOUR VERY NOSE * THEY BLOW UP THE MAIN FORTIFICATION! WELL--THEY'LL REBUILD IT! SEIZE EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN AND BOY AND PUT THEM TO WORK!"

ATONCE, HERR FIELD MARSHAL! THEY SHALL WORK DAY AND NIGHT!



"AND THEY DID WORK DAY AND NIGHT! I INSPECTED THE RESULTS MYSELF..."

HA! DER SAND UND ROCKS WE ARE PUTTING INTO DER CONCRETE MIXTURE VILL FIX DER NAZIS...

YEAH! WE'RE PUTTING A DAMPER ON DA PLANS--HEY, DA BIG-SHOT IS CALLING US!

YOU THERE! HALT!



AREN'T THOSE ROCKS TOO BIG FOR CONCRETE MIXING? AND WHAT IS THIS SAND FOR?

DER ENGINEER TOLD US TO CARRY THIS, HERR FIELD MARSHAL. VE ARE ONLY STUPID OAFS...



FOOLS! THEY ARE WORKING TO INSURE THEIR OWN SLAVERY! BUT THAT IS GOOD FOR US! OH, WELL, MY ENGINEERS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING...

PHEW! THAT SURE WAS A NARROW SQUEEK...



I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL LATER THAT I WAS SPEAKING TO TWO OF THE BOY COMMANDOS!

COME, COME! WE HAVEN'T ALL DAY! FINISH YOUR STORY!

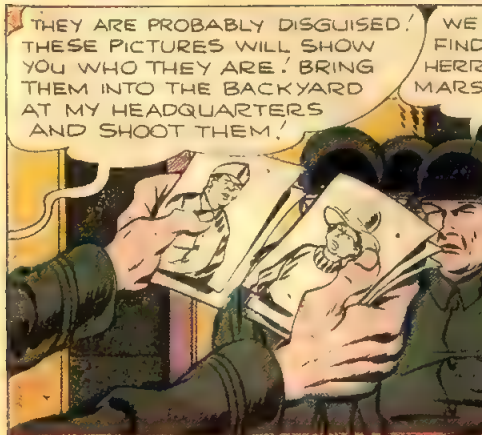
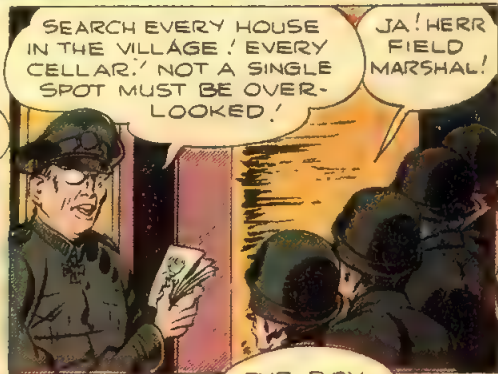
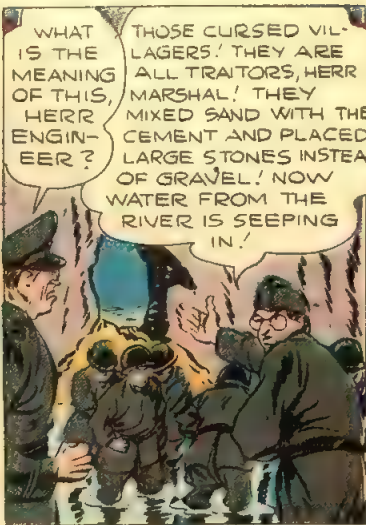


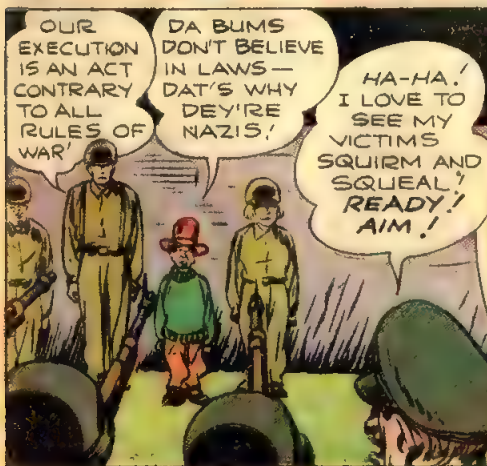
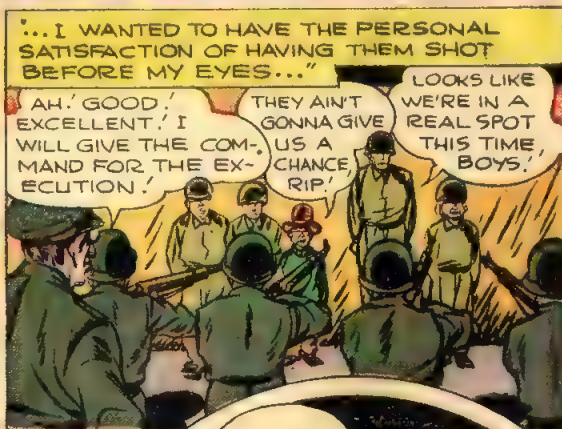
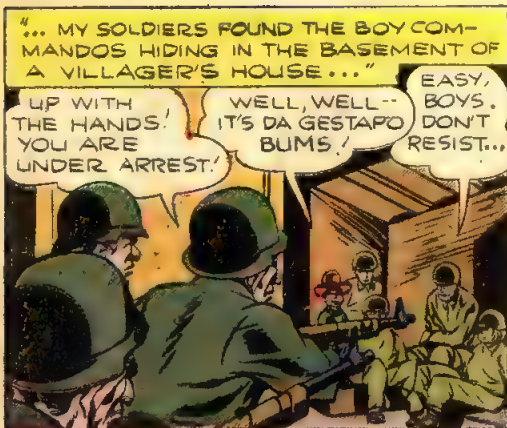
"WHEN I FOUND OUT, IT WAS TOO LATE, FOR THE WORK ON THE FORTIFICATION HAD ALREADY BEEN FINISHED..."

YOU FOOL! HOW DARE YOU RUN IN HERE LIKE A LUNATIC! I'LL --

HERR FIELD MARSHAL! THE FORTIFICATIONS! SABOTAGE! COME QUICKLY!







I KNOW THEY WERE DEAD! I SAW THEM SHOT BEFORE MY EYES! AND YET-- I SAW THEM ALIVE AGAIN!



"... A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE EXECUTION..."

HERR MARSHAL-- THE AMERICANS HAVE REACHED OUR LINES! THEY ARE PREPARING TO CROSS IN FORCE!

I AM NOT WORRIED ABOUT THEM NOW-- EVIDENTLY THE AMERICAN COMMAND DEPENDED ON DISRUPTING OUR PLANS FROM WITHIN!



MY PLANS ARE WELL LAID, GENTLEMEN! WE ARE GOING TO STOP THE AMERICAN ARMY ON THIS LINE. COME-- I WILL GIVE MY ORDERS NOW...

WITH YOU TO LEAD US IN BATTLE, HERR FIELD MARSHAL, WE ARE NOT AFRAID!



"... BUT AT THAT MOMENT..."

HERE'S WHERE WE UPSET THE BEST LAID PLANS OF RATS LIKE YOU!

HIMMEL! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE!



NO! NO! HOW CAN THIS BE? I SAW THEM SHOT MYSELF!

SO YOU WERE PLANNING TO STOP ZE AMERICAN ARMY, EH?



"... AND THEN I KNEW THE WAR WAS LOST. THE BOY COMMANDOS HAD COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!"

THEY ARE DEAD-- AND STILL THEY FIGHT! WE ARE LOST! WE CANNOT FIGHT THE DEAD! WHAT IF THE THOUSANDS I KILLED ALSO CAME BACK!







"HERR JUDGES... WE TOOK THE BOY COMMANDOS AND THEIR LEADER OUT OF THE CELLAR... BUT THEY DID NOT APPEAR WORRIED OVER THEIR CAPTURE..."

"I WOULD LIKE TO SHOOT THE SWINE AT ONCE-- BUT THE HERR FIELD MARSHAL WANTS THEM BROUGHT TO HEADQUARTERS."

"WE'VE SURRENDERED! I DEMAND YOU TREAT US AS PRISONERS OF WAR..."



"SO YOU WANT TO BE TREATED AS PRISONERS OF WAR, HA-HA! I'LL SHOW YOU--"

"BETTER LOOK AROUND BEFORE YOU START SHOWING US ANY-THING"



"... IT WAS THEN WE DISCOVERED THAT WE WERE SURROUNDED BY UNDERGROUND GUERRILLAS..."

"WHAT IS-- A TRICK!"

"DROP YOUR GUNS!"

"GO TO WORK, BOYS!"



"... AND THESE CURSED COMMANDOS WORKED WITH STARTLING SPEED..."

"DIS IS ONE TIME WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING DA SHOOT OFF YOUR BACKS, RATZY!"

"H'I SYE, THEY'LL LOOK PRETTY IN THEIR BIRTHDAY CLOTHES!"



"... THEY HAD US STRIPPED AND TIED UP IN A FEW SECONDS! THEN UNDERGROUND MEN PUT ON OUR UNIFORMS..."

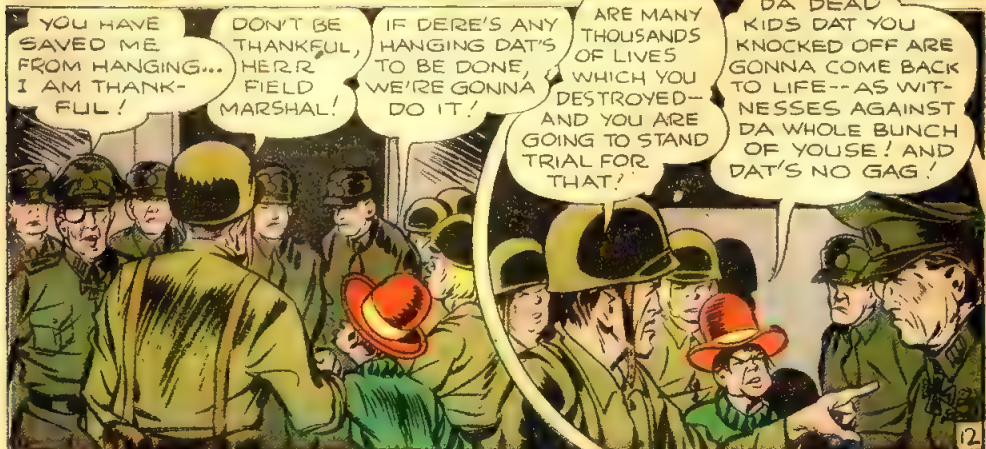
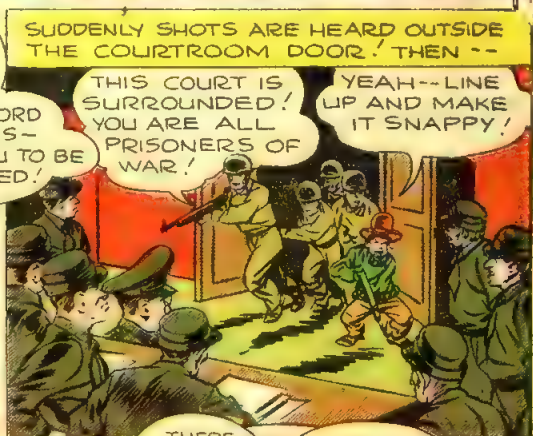
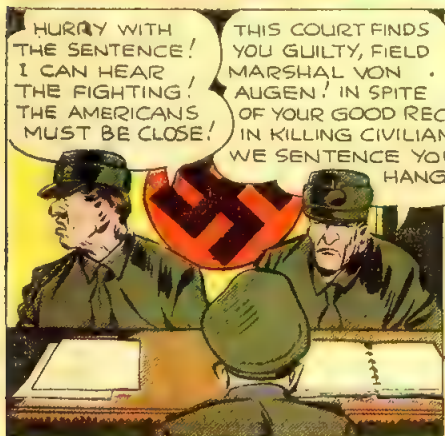
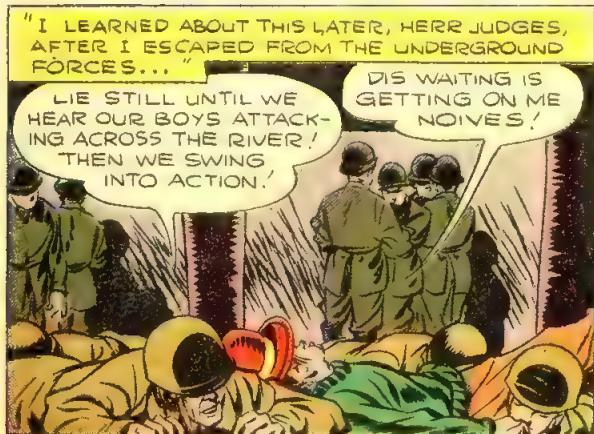
"IT IS A GOOD THING YOU PUT IN THAT MICROPHONE IN VON AUGEN'S OFFICE THE NIGHT YOU ARRIVED HERE! OTHERWISE WE WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN HIS PLANS..."

"THIS MICROPHONE HAS ONE MORE SERVICE TO PERFORM! WE HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED THAT OUR ARMY WILL ATTACK VERY SOON! WE WILL STRIKE AT VON AUGEN AND YOU'LL HEAR IT THROUGH THIS! THAT'S YOUR SIGNAL TO ATTACK!"



"THE FIRING SQUAD WAS MADE UP OF THE UNDERGROUND MEN WHO WORE OUR UNIFORMS...THEY SHOT WITH BLANKS... WHEN HERR FIELD MARSHAL LEFT THE COURT-YARD..."





kept the shades up. It was common talk around the plant that he wasn't afraid of spies, and that he didn't want a guard placed around his laboratory. He had plenty of courage and a hundred plant guards. Briggs' feud with Colonel Storm had furnished many laughs at chow time.

The only one who hadn't laughed was Angelo Vanti. It meant he'd have to reckon with the guard. Otherwise, it would have been easy to gain access to John Briggs' laboratory. He frequently called in workmen for consultation. Only two weeks before, Angelo himself had been called in to explain a new improvement he had made on a tripping machine.

So Angelo, with his photographic mind, knew every inch of the room. He knew both exits too, and how he'd get away tonight, using the fake doctor's pass, excusing him because of illness. By the time they discovered Briggs, the model would be gone, and Angelo, too.

Yes, Angelo Vanti was clever. So he thought out his plan well. The guard fell for it, too. Shortly after midnight, Angelo Vanti approached him as he was patrolling the area of John Briggs' laboratory. The shades were up, and Briggs could be seen inside, busily working at his desk.

"Where you going?" the guard asked.

"To see the Boss," Angelo Vanti said. "He sent for me. I've got a pass from the foreman."

He fumbled in his pocket, but what he brought out wasn't a pass. It was a gun. The butt of the gun caught the guard squarely beneath the chin. In the moonless, almost totally dark night, none saw Angelo Vanti drag the badly-injured guard behind the laboratory. Angelo Vanti perspired freely. The night was very hot.

Then, Angelo Vanti went in. John Briggs looked up from the

model. He didn't ask what Angelo Vanti wanted, for he saw the gun, now equipped with a silencer.

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"You dirty spy," John Briggs said. "I'll——" He stopped as his eyes saw the clock. It was 12:10. Then, almost as though he became suddenly aware of the gun, he began to tremble. "I'll—I'll go," he said. "Only, don't shoot."

Angelo Vanti's lip curled. "So you're the guy who isn't afraid of anything," he snarled. "Okay, Briggs, get going."

John Briggs drew his lank frame from his chair.

It was then that the air raid siren went off.

"Take it easy." Angelo Vanti was unperturbed. "Walk over and pull down those shades and make it snappy." He grinned. "You don't think a little thing like a blackout is going to stop me, do you, Briggs? If you're nice and cooperative, I'll tap you easy on the head. I don't like murders, unless I have to commit 'em."

John Briggs pulled down the shades, his back to Angelo Vanti. He didn't call for help. In fact, a faint suggestion of a smile appeared on his face.

"You're not going to get away with this," he said, pulling down the last shade. "I'm warning you. Your kind always gets caught."

Angelo Vanti struck him with the gun before he turned. The inventor slumped to the floor. Carefully, Angelo Vanti picked up the plane model and snapped off the wings. Then he tucked wings and fuselage into his shirt. There was no need for haste. Both Briggs and the guard would be out for a long time. After the blackout, he'd make an easy getaway.

Overhead, he heard the roar

of planes. He smiled. The fools were certainly making a realistic blackout of this. Well, let them play. He was safe behind this blacked out laboratory. It was cool in here, too, despite the heat outside. The old nut must have put in air conditioning.

Angelo Vanti puffed on his cigarette. Overhead, the roars of giant motors were becoming increasingly louder. Angelo Vanti, a trifle annoyed, looked up. Then he blinked.

He was seeing lights, red and green riding lights on the wings of planes! But that couldn't be. How could a guy see through a roof?

Suddenly, Angelo Vanti screamed in terror as something came hurtling through the sky. It came right through the roof, and smashed on him, spreading a white substance all over the room.

Outside, as Angelo Vanti lost consciousness, came the sound of voices, heading for the laboratory.

Colonel Charles Storm had breakfast next morning with John Briggs. The inventor's head was swathed in bandages but he was grinning.

"That dratted spy never knew I had a sliding roof put in last week to give me some fresh air," John Briggs said. "And that it was open during the blackout. I told him he was going to be caught."

Colonel Storm grinned. "I'll bet he never knew what hit him when the boys dropped the bag of flour, simulating a bomb, on him." He wagged a finger. "If it weren't for that light. John, the boys would never have been able to bomb your place. You spoiled a hundred percent blackout report to Washington."

John Briggs chuckled, "Maybe so, Charley, but Washington got two spies in exchange—Vanti and his boss. I guess that sort of evens things up, doesn't it?"

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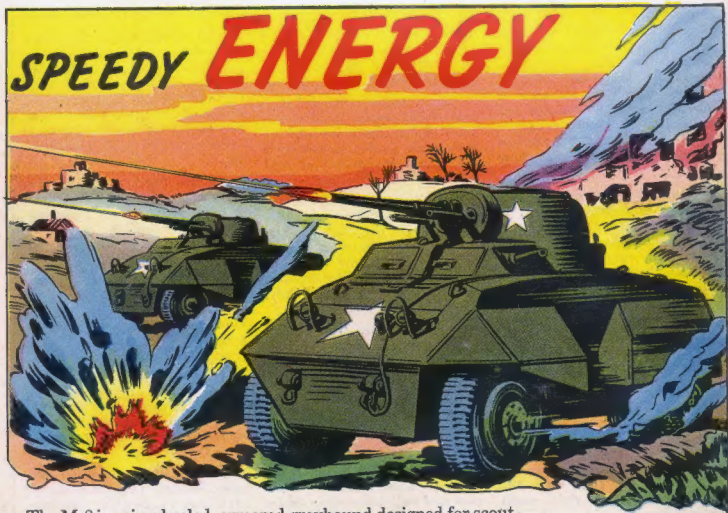
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SPEEDY ENERGY



The M-8 is a six wheeled, armored greyhound designed for scouting and long range cruising at high speed. Carrying a 37 mm. anti-tank gun and machine gun, the M-8—with ENERGY derived from a powerful motor, can outrun everything it can't outshoot.

Baby Ruth SPEEDS FOOD-ENERGY INTO BODY

So often these days, Baby Ruth helps fill the gap for food-energy when fatigue slows down a fighter or worker. Nourishing Baby Ruth is rich in dextrose, natural body sugar that is picked up directly by the bloodstream and used almost immediately for energy. It helps to speed-up activity . . . “perk-up” spirits.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.

“I can even bake luscious Cookies made with Baby Ruth!”



Recipe on every wrapper



If you cannot find Baby Ruth on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you





FLATTERMANN